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HELIOTROPE.

BY C. S. W.

How strong they are, those subtle spells
That lurk in leaves and flower-bells,
  Rising from faint perfumes:
Or mingling with some olden strain,
Strike through the music shafts of pain,
  And people empty rooms.

They come upon us unaware,
In crowded halls and open air,
  And in our chambers still:
A song, an odor, or a bird,
Evokes the spell, and strikes the chord,
  And all our pulses thrill.

I loitered but an hour ago,
With lagging footsteps tired and slow,
  Along the garden walk:
The summer twilight wrapped me round,
Through open windows came the sound,
  Of song and pleasant talk.

The odor-stealing dews lay wet
And heavy on the mignonette
  That crept about my feet:
Upon the folded mossy vest
That clothed the ruby rose's breast,
  It fell in droppings sweet.

It fell on beds of purple bloom,
From whence arose the rare perfume
  Of dainty heliotrope;
Which smote my heart with sudden power,
My favorite scent, my favorite flower,
  In olden days of hope!

Ah, me! the years have come and gone,
Each with its melody or moan,
  Since that sunshiny hour,
When, for the sake of hands that brought,
And for the lesson sweet it taught,
  I chose it for my flower.

Faint-scented blossoms! long ago
Your purple clusters came to show
  My life had wider scope:
They spoke of love that day—to-night
I stand apart from love's delight,
  And wear no heliotrope.

Between to-night and that far day,
Lie life's bright noon and twilight grey,
  But I have lived through both:
And if before my paling face
The midnight shadows fall apace,
  I see them, nothing loth.

Only to-night that faint perfume
Reminds me of the lonely gloom
  Of life outliving hope:
I wish I had been far to-night,
What time the dew fell, silver-white
  Upon the heliotrope!

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

Joshua speculated how he could make the old home a little brighter for its new mistress. That dingy carpet in the common parlor must be exchanged for a new one. He would buy a harpsichord or one of those new pianos people talked about, and Cynthia could learn to play hymn tunes. He would buy a gig or a four-wheeled chaise to drive his wife in, instead of the tax-cart. When Jim got steadier and married—events which ought to happen within the next half-dozen years—Joshua told himself that he might retire from the grocery business altogether, and devote himself exclusively to the chapel. There was a cottage on the slope of the hill at the upper end of Combhollow which he fancied would be a charming home for himself and young wife—a romantic cottage, with a garden in which some ambitious tenant had made a fountain. It seemed to the lover's fancy that this cottage, with its fountain and weeping-ash, was better adapted as a background to his picture of Cynthia than the substantial commonplace old house opposite the First and Last. Yet it would go against him to leave the old house. His father and mother had lived and died there. It was his first idea of home. No; if Cynthia were satisfied, he would stay there. And that cottage with the fountain was probably damp. Picturesqueness and rheumatism often go together.

And Judith? How would that tight-waisted, tight-lipped damsel get on with a lovely young wife? Judith must be taught to bridle that sharp tongue of hers, to put the curb on her quick temper. There must be no biting blasts to wither his tender flower.

"I shall make Judith understand at once and forever that she must be kind and gentle to my wife," thought Joshua. "She has always respected and obeyed me—I am bound to remember that."

He was in no hurry to tell Judith, or even his faithful Naomi of the change that had come upon his life—that startling and wondrous change that had made him a new man. It would be time enough when he took his young wife home. No one had any right to question his choice or to doubt his wisdom.

He felt somewhat embarrassed, notwithstanding these arguments, when Naomi questioned him with a dutiful interest in all his doings, about the girl he had found on Springfield Common.

"Has she been well-behaved, father? Has she learned to read yet?"

"Yes, my dear. She has made wonderful progress."

"And is she as pretty as when you first saw her sitting with her feet in the water, and with her hair falling loose about her shoulders?"

Naomi's fancy had pictured the scene; her father's dark face looking down at the fair-haired wanderer; the thymy hillocks and gorse-bushes and wild broom under the blue warm sky.

"I think she is even prettier."

"What a sweet little thing she must be! I should so like to see her! If Sally were to get married now, we might have Cynthia for a servant, mightn't we, father?"

"There's not much chance of that, Naomi."

"Of Sally's marrying? I'm not sure of that," replied Naomi. "I know she has thoughts of it."

"You shall see Cynthia some day, and I hope you will learn to love her; but it will not be as a servant. Nature has made her fit for something better than servitude. I do not mean to say that service is not worthy, or that all men and women are not equal in the eyes of their Maker. But Nature has set a mark upon us all, and we have each our appointed station. I do not think Cynthia was created to work like Sally, or to take pleasure in the things that please Sally."

"You might get her a better place, father—as lady's-maid, for instance."

"To be some fine lady's drudge! That would be worse rather than better. Don't concern yourself about her, my dear, till you come to know more of her. I have made up my mind as to her future life."

"How good you are, father, to take so much trouble for a poor nameless orphan."

"There is more selfishness than goodness in the matter."

This was all that he said to his daughter about Cynthia; but he was pleased to think that Naomi had shown a friendly interest in the subject, and he fancied that Cynthia's beauty and Cynthia's sweetness would at once appeal to the girl's heart; that it would be natural for these two to love one another, and that they would cleave to each other like sisters. It never occurred to him that Cynthia, as the recipient of his charity, was quite a different person in the eyes of Naomi from the same Cynthia as his second wife; and that in proportion to his daughter's love for him would be her disinclination to divide his affection with a new-comer and interloper. In the fullness of his content, which inclined him to see all things on the sunnier side, he could foresee no domestic difficulty, unless it were a little extra snappishness on the part of Judith, an exhibition of temper which he meant to put down with a high hand.

He was very happy. It seemed as if his capacity for full and perfect happiness had never been called into play till now. His life had been prosperous, successful; but the rainbow hues of joy had not entered largely into the fabric of his existence. A gleam of vivid color here and there had flashed across the dull gray woof, but now warp and woof were all brightness and color. He saw all things under an altered aspect, apparelled in the beauty of a dream. Nature, which he had viewed hitherto with a mild regard, moved him now to loving worship. He thanked God for having set him in so fair a world, for having given him such a goodly heritage. In his daily walks he was continually repeating to himself those psalms which tell of triumph and rapture for the Lord's chosen people. There was more eloquence in his sermons, more fervor in his prayers. His congregation even felt stirred by that strong flood tide of joy which filled his own breast.

In this state of mind he was naturally disposed to look with an indulgent eye upon Oswald Pentreath's wooing. He remembered with a guilty sheepishness what the squire had said to him—that if he, Joshua, were going to be married he would not be for such long delay; and moved by this recollection he told Oswald one evening in the Wilderness that, if he liked, the wedding might take place early in the year—say in March, when the spring flowers were coming in and the days getting bright.

"Now that your father has given his consent there is less reason for me to hold you to the letter of your promise," said Joshua. "If you are quite sure of your affection for Naomi—quite sure she is the one woman you would choose for yourself out of all the world—it makes little difference whether you marry her in March or July."

"There is no fear of any change in my feelings," answered Oswald; "I love her better every day, and honor her more as I get to know her better. She is the noblest and best of women. I feel myself small and weak in comparison with her."

Oswald lost no time in telling Naomi that the length of his apprenticeship, as it pleased him to call it, had been lessened.

"We are to be married early in March, Naomi, when the woods are yellow with daffodils; and you are coming to brighten that dismal old house of ours. I shall be a respectable married man by mid-summer. I must get my father to buy me a gig, and put Herne into harness, so that I may drive you about. We shall be a regular Darby and Joan."

Naomi blushed at an imaginary picture of herself sitting beside Oswald in a high-wheeled gig, with that unreliable horse swaying the vehicle against banks and hedges, and making wild bolts round awkward corners. The idea of driving with her husband in a gig like old married people seemed to bring their marriage closer home to her than any gush of poetry on the lover's part could have done.

"And we must think of smartening the old rooms a little bit before you come to us," continued Oswald cheerily. "I dare say a coat of whitewash for the ceilings will be about as much as the Squire will care to afford; but I must see what Phœbe—that's our old housemaid, you know—can do with a few yards of chintz and muslin. She's a capital manager, poor old thing, and has made her elbow-bones twice their natural size with rubbing the panelling and furniture. There's no such polish in Devonshire, I should think, as poor Phœbe's elbow-grease. I see her at it sometimes at six o'clock in the morning when I'm going for an early ride; and I often wonder why she takes so much out of herself to embellish rooms that hardly any one sees. I fancy it must be a part of her religion. There are Jumpers, you know, and Shakers; perhaps there is a sect of Rubbers—an extra devout sect, like the Essenes."

Naomi looked disapprovingly here. As a dissenter herself she was not prepared to think lightly of even Shakers or Jumpers, who had doubtless some reason for the faith that was in them—an innate conviction of truth, perhaps, so strong as to counterbalance the ridiculousness of their outward manifestations.

"But when you come the old oak panels will have their use," said Oswald gaily. "They will serve as mirrors to reflect your imperial beauty. I always fancy you like the good Agrippinas and Julias, Naomi. There were one or two virtuous Julias, you know, though the majority turned their attention the other way; and there may have been a decent Agripina, though there I'm doubtful. I always picture you as a Roman lady, with golden embroidery on your robes, and a golden diadem on that dark hair of yours."

Naomi had read neither Tacitus nor Gibbon; all she knew about Rome was that St. Paul had acquired the Roman franchise, and that the Romans had persecuted the early Christians. But she knew that Oswald meant to praise her beauty when he likened her to these imperial ladies of doubtful character.

These two also were very happy, but with a more quiet joy than Joshua's. The bloom of novelty had been worn off their love by this time. They had grown accustomed to look forward to a life spent together; to think of themselves as bound to each other. Oswald surveyed his future with a tranquil contentment. He liked Naomi better every day, leaned upon her more entirely, felt her superiority and his own weaker nature, and looked forward confidently to the part she was to play in his life. Naomi's feelings lay deeper, and but seldom found expression in words. She could not speak playfully of a love which was the most solemn element in her life. She thought of her happiness—of this most perfect boon Heaven had given her in Oswald's love—with a subdued sense of awe. If he had never loved her; if he were to be taken from her? She dared not picture to herself the hideous blank which life must have been in the first case, nor the gloomy ruin life must become in the second. Sometimes she recalled that dreadful day when the storm had swept over Combhollow and her father's strong arm had snatched Oswald from the greedy devouring waves. If he had not been saved, and she had never known him! She was not meta physician enough to contemplate life under such seemingly impossible conditions.

Aunt Judith's attitude of mind in relation to the lovers was one of equable disapprobation. She thought that Joshua was sacrificing to Baal by giving his daughter five thousand pounds in order that the misguided young woman might be raised from her proper position in life to a station for which Providence had never intended her. Five thousand pounds at five per cent. meant two hundred and fifty pounds a year, Judith reflected, or nearly five pounds a week, which division made the money seem a great deal more, as it was thus brought nearer the housewife's eye. Why, the entire housekeeping expenses of Haggard's establishment—after debiting all goods had out of the shop against the house—seldom came to more than five pounds a week. And Joshua was to surrender all that money to make his daughter a fine lady.

The idea of this monetary sacrifice weighed heavily upon aunt Judith. She had begun a system of small economies as a kind of set-off against Naomi's dowry. Puddings now only graced the board thrice a week, and those were puddings of the homeliest and least expensive character; puddings of a substantial and filling character specially dear to prudent housekeepers, as they do not require eggs in their composition, and are for the most part independent of butter. The tea-table was furnished even more sparingly than of old, and, with a view to the economising of butter, the careful manager pressed upon the maturer taste of her nephew and niece that thick and slab molasses which their childish fancies had affected. She doled out the week's allowance of soap more grudgingly than of old, and was a despot in the matter of soda.

"I don't know what's come to your aunt, Miss Naomi," the aggrieved Sally remarked despondently. "It's as much as I can wash out a pair of white stockings for Sunday afternoon without her going on about my vanity and extravagance, and throwing Jezebel in my teeth, as if I was the wickedest young woman in Combhollow."

These infinitesimal savings, though they inflicted some annoyance on the household, could go about as far towards counterbalancing the loss of five thousand pounds as the laborious exertions of an industrious beaver in the construction of a dam designed to stem the waters of Niagara; yet these vain efforts afforded some mental solace to aunt Judith's perturbed mind. She scraped the butter off her bread, and felt herself a domestic martyr.

"There'll be fine flaunting when she's a married woman and her own mistress," thought Judith, "with two hundred and fifty pounds a year for her own spending—silk gowns trimmed with thread-lace on workadays, I daresay. We sha'n't see her often at chapel, I should think. She'll be going to church for the sake of sitting in a big pew among the gentry. If I were Joshua I'd as lief have my daughter dead and buried as married to a fine gentleman that would look down upon me."

Judith had never been able to get rid of the idea that in his secret soul Oswald Pentreath despised the Haggards and their surroundings. Her narrow mind could not conceive it possible that the son of a landowner could believe in his equality with shopkeepers; that the odor of soap and candles was not hateful to the nostrils of a gentleman who sealed his letters with a coat of arms that looked almost royal, and bore a name which was engraved on the oldest brazen tablet in the chancel. She was unable to understand that easy-going temper of Oswald's, to which rank and wealth were of small moment compared with the blessings of personal well-being and the gratification of one's own inclination. She had a lurking conviction that Mr. Pentreath, be he never so polite and respectful, was secretly laughing at her; that he did not admire her Sunday gown, and thought her pronunciation vulgar; and that he encouraged that impudent jackanapes Jim in the practice of grimacing behind her shoulder as she poured out the tea or carved the cold joint at supper. This conviction, and a general sense of injury, chiefly referable to that marriage portion of five thousand pounds, made aunt Judith unpleasant company to herself at this time, and not the most agreeable company for other people.

The young people were happy after their tranquil fashion, untouched by the blighting influence of this agrieved spinster. They had their afternoon rambles together, and Naomi made progress in the art of pencil landscape, sitting for many a happy hour copying the bold curved lines of the hartstongue and the delicate tracery of parsley and oakleaf fern, or the larger outlines of elm or beech; while Oswald lay on the grass at her side reading "Marmion" or "Ivanhoe." Gentle, peaceful time—a cup filled to the brim with perfect joy—to be remembered in days to come, when the memory shall be life's crowning sorrow.

The lovers had been employed thus one afternoon in August. Oswald had just read that intense and dramatic scene of Sir Walter Scott's most romantic poem when Constance de Beverley defies her pitiless judges. There had been an ominous stillness in the air for the last half-hour, and the birds were uttering those subdued twitterings by which they seem to warn one another of approaching evil; but Naomi had been too much absorbed by the story to give any heed to these whisperings of a coming storm, when one big drop falling on her pencilled group of ferns startled her out of her complacency. Oswald had been reading the stirring lines somewhat sleepily, the heavy air under those tall elms exercising a narcotic effect upon his senses, and he, too, had been heedless of a change in the heavens.

"Why, I declare its raining!" he exclaimed, when one of those big drops had alighted upon his nose; "and what a black sky! I'm afraid we're in for a storm. And you in that thin dress, Naomi! Let us go to the house as fast as we can."

"To the Grange?" cried Naomi, with a look of alarm, as if he had proposed the most awful thing in the world.

"Why not, love? It is to be your home next spring. Is it too much to ask a little shelter from the old roof to-day?"

"The Squire might not like—" faltered Naomi.

"He would be delighted. He has not asked you and your father formally to visit him, for then, you see, you would be visitors, and it is against his principles to squander his substance upon entertaining people; but if you were to drop in upon him unawares he would be enchanted. Come, dear, the rain drops are falling faster—and there's the first thunder-clap."

It pealed among the trees, sounding so close to them that it seemed a local thunder-clap intended for them in particular.

"What a threatening sound it has, Oswald!" said Naomi, as they hurried toward the little gate which opened from the wood into the path.

"Yes; one can fancy the first murderer hearing such a peal as he fled. It sounds like the voice of Nemesis, doesn't it? There's a blinding flash; run, Naomi!"

They were at the gate by this time, and only a broad stretch of turf lay between them and the house. The Squire's oxen kept the turf closely cropped, and Oswald and his companion were able to run quickly over the short crisp grass. Naomi arrived at the porch with her cambric dress only lightly sprinkled by the rain.

The hall-door stood open, and Oswald led her in. He tried the handle of his father's den; but that sanctuary was locked. The Squire was out, and had the key of his study in his pocket, no doubt according to custom. Naomi stood in the grave old hall, looking about her wonderingly. It was the first time she had ever entered this house, in which she was to live and die. She felt as if it were a solemn moment in her life—a moment to be remembered as the beginning of an epoch. This house was thenceforward to mean something more for her than a tradition or a feature in a familiar landscape; it was to embody her idea of home.

She looked round her doubtfully. The fine square hall; the brown-oak panelling, adorned with half a dozen family portraits browner and darker than the old oak; the wide shallow staircase with its solid balustrade; the pavement of white and black marble, had doubtless a certain dignity and beauty of their own. She felt that she was beneath a roof which had sheltered many generations; but there was a bleakness and barrenness in the scene that chilled her. A house built for the accommodation of a large family and numerous servants must needs have a cheerless and empty look when it falls into the occupancy of a miser's shrunken household.

"Let me show you the rooms that are to be all your own," said Oswald, opening the door of a long drawing-room, an apartment so rarely used that it had assumed a ghost-like air, as of a chamber conscious of old family secrets, and made gloomy by the mysteries of the past. It was a narrow-panelled room, painted white and salmon, and this very delicacy of tint, which would have made the apartment cheerful under favorable conditions, enhanced its chill phantasmal aspect in the gray light of this thunderous afternoon.

All the furniture was at least a century old. Naomi had never imagined such spindle-legged tables, such narrow, high-backed chairs, such a general straightness and spareness of outline; the bareness of all ornament, save the small oval mirrors and crystal candelabra, and the lack of color, struck even her inexperienced eye, which had been accustomed only to the plainest furniture. The brocaded window-curtains, once sea-green, had faded to a neutral tint; the seats and backs of chairs and sofas were covered with holland. There were no books, no pictures.

Oswald watched his betrothed, expectant of some expression of admiration. He fancied she would be delighted with rooms so much larger and more aristocratic than those in which she had lived all her life.

"It's a handsome room, isn't it?" he asked. "Forty feet by eighteen."

"It's very long," said Naomi, rather stupidly her lover thought.

"Perhaps you'd like to see the dining-room?"

"Very much."

Anything would be a relief after this ghastly saloon, with its white, cold walls and general emptiness.

They crossed the hall and entered the dining-room. Here brownness and gloom replaced the ghostly whiteness of the saloon. Here, too, the furniture was scanty; but there was more homeliness, a greater look of occupation, this being the room in which the Squire and his son lived from January to December. There were newspapers, books, and writing-materials on a table in the bay-window; there were whips and walking-sticks in the corners; the large oaken sideboard was adorned with a pair of solid, old, silver tankards, and surmounted by a portrait of the present Squire, painted in the bloom of youth, when waistcoats were worn long and "Wilkes and Liberty" was still a party cry.

The lightning flashed across Naomi's face as she looked out at the large bay-window, surveying that neatly-kept garden in front of the house, which was separated by a close-cut holly hedge from the neighboring domain beyond, the wide stretch of turf which had once been a lawn sacred from the feet of cattle, and on which the Squire's store oxen now browsed at their ease. He could see no good in land which produced

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THE LIGHTNING FLASHED ACROSS NAOMI'S FACE AS SHE LOOKED OUT AT THE LARGE BAY WINDOW.

nothing—grass that was mown at much cost of labor only to be thrown on the manure-heap.

The day had grown darker, and the thunder-peals seemed to shake the old chimney, down whose wide throat there came gusts of wind and rain. It was an awful chimney for the wind to howl in; and the Squire and his son, sitting silently by the hearth on a gloomy winter evening, had often felt as if evil spirits were howling wild threatenings at them from the house-top.

Naomi looked at the dark hearth with an affrighted glance, as if she had heard the family banshee shrieking at her.

"What an awful noise!" she said.

"It's only the wind, love. And now I must show you the family portraits, and my mother's sitting-room, which will be yours so soon. I think it is the most cheerful room in the house."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REVIEWER'S NOTES.

From J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers:

The Crew of the Dolphin. By Hesba Stretton. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

A very pathetic and simple story of seafaring life, by the author of "Jessica's First Prayer," which will be welcomed by all her admirers.

The Sylvan Year. Leaves from the note book of Raoul Dubois. By Philip G. Hamerton, author of "The Intellectual Life," etc.

This book comprises the account of a year of daily wanderings in search of beauty, and there is no writer who is more capable of describing the ever-changing expressions of Mother Nature than Mr. Hamerton. To artists, and indeed to everyone who is a lover of nature, this work will be delightful reading.

The Unknown River. An Etcher's Voyage of Discovery. By Philip G. Hamerton, author of "The Intellectual Life," etc. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston.

An artistically perfect book, a poem from beginning to end. It is impossible to describe it in any way which can give strangers an idea of its beauty.

The Historical Jesus of Nazareth. By M. Schlesinger, Ph. D. Published by Chas. P. Somerby, New York.

The aim of this book is to give a brief survey of the discoveries of theology during the last decades, especially on the origin of Christianity, and it treats of the development of the Messianic idea of Israel before Jesus, the aims and claims of Jesus as shown in the New Testament literature. To quote the learned Rabbi's words, "Not to offend, but humbly to contribute to the general enlightenment in so great and solemn a matter as religion, is my desire."

Revolutionary Times. Sketches of our Country, its People, and Their Ways. One Hundred Years Ago. By Edward Abbott. Published by Roberts Bros.

In this pocket volume we have a great number of deeply interesting memoranda which throw much light on the social history of our forefathers, and just at this time is a very appropriate publication.

From Hubbard Bros., Philadelphia:

Our Country and Its Resources. By Jas. D. McCabe, Jr., author of "Great Fortunes," etc.

In this volume, in a compact and convenient form, we have the means of studying the actual condition of our country at the close of its first century of National existence. It shows us at a glance its past achievements, wealth, power, prosperity, resources and liabilities, and we do not think that anything that can contribute to this end has been omitted. In a word it is a comprehensive Centennial view of the present condition and resources of our country, and in no more engaging or profitable study could we employ our time during the Centennial season we are now celebrating.

FACETIÆ.

"SHALL I have your hand?" said Augustus to Matilda, as the dance was about to commence. "With all my heart," responded Matilda.

FOR PUNSTER'S use, a nice house can be changed into an ice house, which, when warmed up, will afford a nice souse, such as the nice sows in the herd of swine had when so much nice souse was lost.

MISS ROSE—"Goodness! the fire is out. I thought it was very cold."

BEAU—"Shall I get my overcoat and put it on you?"

Miss Rose—"Oh, no; but (glancing at the clock) hadn't you better put it on yourself?"

A STATUE of a base ball player, sculpt for the Centennial Exhibition, was rejected. It had four straight fingers and a sound thumb on each hand, and its nose wasn't bent a particle, and there was no court plaster on the ears. No wonder the fraud was not admitted.—[Norristown Herald.]

IF you don't know what everybody else knows, you had better hold your tongue; and if you know something that everybody else knows, you had better hold your tongue also; at the same time, if you know something that nobody else knows, keep it to yourself.

MR. O'FLYNN inherits a tendency to Hibernianisms. He asked a conductor the other day, whether he ever made trips without any passengers. The conductor replied that it sometimes happened so. "Well thin," said Mr. O'Flynn, thoughtfully, "it's strange, but in all the rides I've taken, I niver see the loike of that."

A LITTLE boy, when picking the drumstick of a chicken, swallowed one of the tendons which are so numerous in the leg of a fowl, and was very nearly choked. The tendon was, however, extracted with great difficulty from the little fellow's throat, when he exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, it wasn't the chickabiddy's fault; it was because rock forgot to take off its garters."

HE isn't six years old, and he said: "Please, sister Sarah, can't I have another piece of that nice custard pie you made?"

"Why, deary, you are too full for utterance now; look at that luscious dumpling on your plate, not half eaten."

"Oh, well, sister, I know the dumpling side of my stomach is full, but the custard pie side is rather empty yet."

TRYING.—Happy swain, (she had named the day), "And now, dearest Edith, that is all settled. With regard to jewelry, my love, would you like a set in plain gold, or—"

"Edith, (economical and courageous, and who suffers a good deal from toothache), "Oh, Augustus, now you ask me, do you know—I—really—but—Mr. Clinch told me yesterday that he could extract all I had and put in a beautiful new set for only fifty dollars."

A FEW years ago, the State Attorney of a northern county in Vermont, although a man of great legal ability, was very fond of the bottle. On one occasion an important criminal case was called on by the clerk, but the Attorney, with owl-like gravity, kept his chair.

"Mr. Attorney, is the State ready to proceed?" said the Judge.

"Yes—hic—no—your honor," stammered the lawyer; "the State is not—is a state to try this case to day, the State, your honor, is—drunk."

THE EGG TRICK.—Procure a large egg—Brahma eggs are the best—and on the large end draw a cross with a lead pencil, and on the opposite end draw a smaller cross in ink. Place the egg—after showing the children the marks and permitting them to examine it carefully, so they will know it the next time they see it—upon the head of the oldest boy present, or if there is a grandfather present with a bald head, balance the egg on his head. Then let one of the company take a large book and see if he can strike the egg hard enough to break it. To the surprise of everybody, the egg will be suppressed at the first blow. You can then show the person on whose head it was balanced the two crosses marked upon the shell, to prove it was the same egg he saw in its entirety; but he probably will be too cross to have much interest in the matter. This is not a very difficult trick, and can be quite easily learned, but care should be exercised in the selection of the egg.

IN a rural district of Forfarshire, in Scotland, a young ploughman went courting on a Saturday night. A preliminary interview with the object of his affections passed off successfully, and in due time he found himself seated with her, by the fireside of the farm-house kitchen. This was John's first appearance in that character, and as he and the girl had had little previous acquaintance, he found himself at a loss for something to say, in order to begin a conversation from which he expected so much pleasure. In vain he racked his brains for some interesting topic, but he could call up no subject at all suitable for the occasion. Not one sentence could he utter, and for two long hours he sat on in silent despair. The girl herself was equally silent; she no doubt remembered the teaching of the old Scotch song, "Man maun be the first to speak," and she sat, patiently regarding him, with demure surprise. At last Johnny suddenly exclaimed:

"Jenny, there's a feather on yer apron."

"I widna ha'e wondered if there had been twa," replied Jenny, "for I've been sittin' aside a goose a' nicht."

AND THE DAYS GO BY.

BY ELSIE ARMSTRONG.

First in deep shade, then sunshine o'er the earth,
Sometimes with tears, sometimes with smiling mirth,
The days go by.

Sometimes we wake to find that joy is dead,
But all the same o'er each low bare-bowed head
The days go by.

Sometimes our lives are bright and hope is high,
Then with gay smiles, and all too hastily,
The days go by.

And still, though each one bear a smile or tear,
In haste to fill the number of the year,
The days go by.

BAFFLED!

BY

Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

[This story was commenced in No. 32, Vol 15. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXII.

A NEW LODGER IN PARADISE NOW.

The bluff-colored blinds were down before Mr. Burtenshaw's windows in the Easton Road, shutting out the glare of the afternoon sun, and throwing an unwholesome kind of tint over the rooms. In one of them, the front room on the first floor, sat the detective himself. It was indeed a kind of office as well as a sitting-room; papers strewed the table; pigeon holes and shelves, all filled, were ranged along the walls.

Mr. Burtenshaw had a complicated case in hand at that period. Some fresh information had just come in by private letter, and he was giving the best attention of his clear mind to it; his head bent over the table; his hands resting on the papers immediately before him. Apparently he arrived at some conclusion; for he nodded twice and then began to fold the papers together.

The servant maid with the flaunty cap tilted on her head entered the room, and said to her master that a gentleman had called and was requesting to see him.

"Who is it?" asked Mr. Burtenshaw.

"He gave no name, sir. It's the same gentleman who called twice or thrice in one day about a fortnight ago; the last time late at night. He's very nice-looking, sir; might be known for a gentleman a mile off."

"Ay. Show him up."

The reader need not be told that it was Karl Wynne who entered. The object of his visit was to get, if possible, some more information respecting Philip Salter.

Mr. Burtenshaw had thought his unknown visitor looking ill before; he looked worse now. "A delicate man with some great care upon him," summed up the officer mentally.

Karl, opening his business, led up to the question he had come to ask. Would Mr. Burtenshaw confide to him the reason for his supposing Philip Salter to be still in England? At first Mr. Burtenshaw said no; that it could not, he imagined, concern him or any one else to hear it. Karl pleaded, and pleaded earnestly.

"Whatever you say shall be kept strictly sacred," he urged. "It cannot do harm to any one. I have a powerful motive for asking it."

"And a painful one, too," thought the detective. Karl was leaning forward in his chair, his pale face slightly flushed with his inward emotion, his beautiful gray eyes full of eager entreaty and a strange sadness in their depths.

"Will you impart the motive to me, sir?"

"No, I cannot," said Karl. "I wish I could, but I cannot."

"I fancy that you must know Salter's retreat, sir—or think you know it; and you want to be assured it is he before you denounce him," spoke the detective, hazarding a shrewd guess.

Karl raised his hand to enforce what he said, speaking solemnly. "Were I able to put my finger this moment upon Salter, I would not denounce him. Nothing would induce me. You may believe me when I say that, in asking for this information, I intend no harm to him."

The detective saw how true were the words. There was something in Karl Wynne strangely attractive, and he began to waver.

"It is not of much consequence whether I give you the information or whether I withhold it," he resumed. "The fact is this: One of our men who knew Salter, thought he saw him some three or four months ago. He, our man, was on the Great Western Line, going to Bath; in passing a station where they did not stop, he saw (or thought he saw) Salter standing there. He is a cool-judging, keen-sighted officer, and I do not myself think he could have been mistaken. We followed up the scent at once, but nothing has come of it."

Karl made no answer; he was considering. Three or four months ago? That was about the time, he fancied, that Smith took up his abode at Foxwood. Previous to that he might have been all over England.

"That is all you know?" asked Karl.

"Every word. Has the information helped you?"

"Not in the least degree."

There was nothing else for Karl to wait for. His visit had been a fruitless one.

"I would have liked to see Grimley once again," he said as he rose. "Is he in town."

"Grimley is in the house now. At least he ought to be. He is engaged in a case under me, and was to be here at three o'clock for instructions. Will you see him?"

"If you please."

Mr. Burtenshaw rang and told the maid to send up Grimley, if he had come. In obedience to this, Grimley, in his official clothes, appeared, and another officer with him.

"Oh, I don't want you just yet, Watts," said Mr. Burtenshaw. "Wait down stairs."

"Very well, sir," replied the man. "I may as well give you this, though," he added, crossing the room and placing a small box the size of a five-shilling piece on the table. Mr. Burtenshaw looked at it curiously, and then slipped it into the drawer at his left hand.

"From Jacob, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

The man left the room: and Karl, after a few preliminary words with Grimley, gave an elaborate and close description of Smith's figure and features. "Is it like Salter?" he asked.

"If it isn't him, sir, it's his twin brother," was Grimley's emphatic answer. "As to his looking forty, it is only to be expected. Nothing ages a man like living a life of fear."

Karl remembered how Adam had aged and was ageing, and silently acquiesced. He began to think he saw his way somewhat more clearly; that the man at Foxwood was certainly Salter. Handing over a gratuity to Grimley, and taking leave of Mr. Burtenshaw, he departed, leaving the other two talking of him.

"He has dropped upon Salter," remarked Grimley.

"Yes," said Mr. Burtenshaw. "But he does not intend to deliver him up."

"No!" cried the other, in amazement. "Why not, sir?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Burtenshaw. "He said he had no intention of the kind—and I am sure he has not. It seems to me to be rather the contrary—that he wants to screen him."

"Then he told you, sir, that he had found Salter?"

"No, he did not. We were speaking on supposition. I don't know who he is. He keeps his name from me."

The man Watts had entered the room again and heard these few words. He looked at Mr. Burtenshaw.

"Are you speaking of the gentleman just gone out, sir? Don't you know him? I do."

"Why, who is he?" asked Mr. Burtenshaw, who had taken out the little box again, and was opening it.

"Sir Karl Wynne."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the detective, aroused to interest. For Sir Karl Wynne, brother to the criminal who had made so much stir in the world, was a noted name amongst the force.

"It is," said Watts. "I knew him the minute I came in. I was present at the trial in Northampton, sir, when his brother was condemned to death; this gentleman sat all day at the solicitor's table. I had gone down there on that business of Pattoson's."

"No wonder he has a sad look," thought the detective. "Adam Wynne's was a mournful case, and his death was mournful. But what interest can Sir Karl have in Salter?"

There was one, at least, who determined to ascertain, if possible, what that interest was—and that was Mr. Policeman Grimley. A shrewd man by nature, a very shrewd one by experience, he drew his own deductions—and they were anything but favorable to the future security of some of the inhabitants of Foxwood. Could Karl Wynne have seen what his morning's work had done for him, he would have been ready to sit in sackcloth and ashes, after the manner of the mourners of old.

"Sir Karl's living at Foxwood Court with his young wife," ran Mr. Grimley's thoughts. "Wherever this Salter is, it's not far from him, I'll lay. Hid in Foxwood, and no mistake! I'll get him unearthed if it costs me my place. Let's see; how shall I set about it?"

As a preliminary, he gently sounded Mr. Burtenshaw; but found he could get no help from him: it was not the detective's custom to stir in any matter without orders. Mr. Grimley then slept a night upon it, and in the morning had resolved to strike a bold stroke. Obtaining a private interview with one who was high in the force at Scotland Yard, he denounced Salter, telling of Sir Karl Wynne's visits to Burtenshaw, and their purport.

"Salter is in hiding at Foxwood, or somewhere in its neighborhood, sir, as sure as that my name's Dick Grimley," he said. "I want him took. I don't care about the reward—and perhaps it would not be given to me in any case, seeing it was me that let the fellow go—but I want him took. He's a crafty fox, sir, mark you, though; and it will have to be gone about cautiously."

"If Salter be retaken through this declaration of yours, Grimley, I daresay you'll get some of the reward," was the consoling answer. "Who knows the man? It will not do for you to go down."

"No, it wouldn't," acquiesced Grimley. "He knows me; and, once he caught sight of me, he'd make off like a rat sneaking out of a sinking ship. Besides, sir, I couldn't leave that other thing Mr. Burtenshaw has got in hand."

"Well, who knows Salter, I ask?"

"Tatton does, sir; knows him as well as I do; but Salter does not know Tatton. Tatton would be the best man for it, too. Burtenshaw himself can't manage a case like Tatton does when it comes to personal acting."

There was a little more conversation, and then Grimley withdrew, and Tatton was sent for. The grass could not be let grow under their feet in the attempt to re-take that coveted prize, Philip Salter.

The sun was drawing towards the west, and the summer's afternoon was waning, for the days were not so long as they had been a month or two ago, when a gentleman, slight and rather short, with light eyes, fair curly hair, and about thirty years of age, alighted from the London train at Foxwood station. He had a black bag in his hand and a portmanteau in the van, and inquired of the porter the way to Foxwood.

"Do you mean Foxwood proper, sir; or Foxwood, Sir Karl Wynne's place?" returned the porter.

"Foxwood proper, I suppose. It is a village, is it not?"

"Yes, sir. Go down the road to the left, sir, then take the first turning to your right, and it will bring you into Foxwood."

"Thank you," said the gentleman, and slipped a small silver coin into the porter's hand. He knew, nobody better, the value of a silver key: and the chances were that he might another day get gossiping with this station porter about the neighborhood and its politics.

Bag in hand, he speedily found himself in the heart of Foxwood. Casting about his eyes on this side and that, they settled on Paradise Row, on which the sun was shining, and on a white embossed card hanging in the first-floor window of the middle house, which card had on it in large letters "Apartments furnished." At the open entrance door stood a widow woman in a clean cap and smart black silk apron. Mrs. Jinks was en grande toilette.

"It looks likely," said the stranger to himself. "Madame there will talk her tongue sore, I see, once prompted." And going up to the door, he politely took off his hat as he might to a duchess.

"You have apartments to let, I think, madam?"

"Good gracious!" cried the Widow Jinks, taken by surprise—for she was only looking out for the muffin-boy, and the slanting rays of the sun were dazzling her eyes. "I beg pardon, sir; apartments, did you say? Yes, sir; I've got my drawing-room just emptied."

"I will go up and look at it, if you please," said the stranger.

The widow ushered him along the passage towards the stairs, treading softly as she passed the parlor door.

The stranger liked the drawing-room very much; the sun made it cheerful, he said, and he liked the bed-room behind it. Mrs. Jinks rather hesitated in letting the two rooms alone. She generally let the bed-rooms on the top of the house with them.

"How long shall you be likely to stay?" questioned she.

"I do not know. It may be a week; it may be a month, it may be more. I am seeking country air and rest for my health, ma'am, and want a quiet place to read in. I shall not give you much trouble."

Mrs. Jinks agreed to let him have the rooms at last, demanding a few shillings over the usual terms for the two; a bird in the hand, she thought, was worth two in the bush. Next she asked for references.

"I cannot refer you to any one here," he said, "for I don't know a soul in the place, and not a soul in it knows me. I will pay you every week in advance; and that I presume will do as well as references."

He laid down the sum agreed upon and a sovereign beside it. "You will be so good as to get in for me a few things for me to eat and drink, Mrs. Jinks. I should like to have some tea first of all, if convenient, and one of those muffins you spoke of. Well buttered, if you please."

"Yes, sir; certainly, sir. We get muffins at Foxwood all the year round, on account of their being company in the place at summer time. Buttered muffins and cress, sir, is uncommonly good together."

"Are they? I'll have some cress too."

Telling her, as well as he could remember, what things he should want got in, besides butter and muffins, and bidding her to add anything else that she thought he might want, he picked up his black bag to take it into the bedroom. Mrs. Jinks, in her politeness, begged him to let her take it, but he said certainly not.

"Is it all the luggage you've got, sir, this?"

"My portmanteau is at the station. I could not order it on until I knew where I should be; or, in fact, whether I should stay at Foxwood at all. Had I not found lodgings to my mind, ma'am, I might have gone on somewhere else."

"Foxwood's the loveliest, healthiest spot you can find, sir," cried the widow, eagerly. "Sweet walks about it there is."

"So I was told by medical men. One wants nice rural walks, Mrs. Jinks, after reading hard."

"So one does, sir. You are reading up for college, I suppose? I had a young gent here once from Oxford. He got plucked, too, afterwards. There's the muffin-boy!" added Mrs. Jinks, in delight, as the fierce ring of a bell and the muffin-call was heard beneath. "Oh, I beg pardon, sir, what name?"

The gentleman, who had his head and hands just then in his bag, merely responded that he was a stranger. Mrs. Jinks, in the hurry to be gone, and confused with the ringing and the calling below, caught up the answer as "Strange."

"A Mr. Strange," she said to herself, going down with the money in her hand. "And one of the nicest gents I ever came across. 'Put plenty o' butter,' says he. *His* ain't one as 'll look sharp after every crumb and odd end, as too many of 'em does, and say where's the rest of this, that it don't come up, and where's the remainder of that."

After a short time Mr. Strange (we will call him so at present ourselves) put on his hat to go round and order his portmanteau to be sent from the station.

So he ordered his portmanteau to No. 5, Paradise Row, contriving to leave the same impression at the station that he had given Mrs. Jinks—a reading man in search of quiet and health.

Mrs. Jinks presided at the arrival of the portmanteau, and saw some books taken out of it. While her lodger's back was turned, she took the liberty of peeping into one or two of them, and, finding their language was what she could not read, supposed it to be Greek or Latin. Before the night was over all Paradise Row, upwards and downwards, had been regaled with the news of her new lodger, a "scholar-gent, by name of Strange, who had come down to read and get up his health, and had brought his Greek and Latin books with him."

CHAPTER XXVI.

NURSE CHAFFEN ON DUTY.

How short a period of time may serve to bring forth vital chances and changes. Sir Karl and Lady Wynne were absent only a week, yet before they returned a stranger had taken up his abode at Foxwood, indirectly brought to it by Karl himself; and something had happened at the Maze.

Lucy was out amidst her plants and shrubs and flowers the evening of her return, when the shadows were lengthening on the grass. Karl was writing letters indoors; Miss Blake had hurried up from dinner to go to vespers. In spite of the estrangement and misery that pervaded the home atmosphere, Lucy felt glad to be there again. The meeting with her husband after the week's entire separation, had caused her pulse to quicken, and her heart to bound with something that was very like joy. Colonel Cleeve was out of all danger; nearly well again. He and his wife had pressed Lucy to prolong her stay, had asked Sir Karl to come and join her; and they both considered it somewhat unaccountable that Lucy should have persisted in declining. Theresa was alone at Foxwood, was the chief plea of excuse she urged: the real impediment being that she and Karl could not stay there without risk of the terms on which they lived becoming known. So Karl, on the day appointed, went from London to Winchester and brought Lucy home.

For the forbearance she had exercised, the patient silence she had maintained, Lucy had in a degree received the reward during the sojourn with her father and mother. More than ever it was brought home to her conviction then, that she would almost rather die than betray it. It would have inflicted on them so much pain and shame. It would have lowered herself so in their sight, and in the sight of those old and young friends who had known her girlhood, and who whispered their sense of what her happiness must now be, and their admiration of her attractive husband.

"Martyrdom, rather than that!" said Lucy, clasping her hands with fixed resolution, as she paced the grass and thought.

Karl came up to her with two letters in his hand. She was then sitting under the acacia tree. The sun had set, but in the west shone a flood of golden light. The weather in the daytime was still hot as in the middle of that hot summer, but the evenings and nights were cool. Lucy's shawl lay beside her.

"It is time to put it on," said Karl—and he wrapped it around her himself carefully. It caused her to see the address of the two letters in his hand. One was to Plunkett and Plunkett; the other to Mrs. Cleeve.

"You have been writing to mamma!" she exclaimed.

"She asked me to be sure and let her have one line to say you got home safely. I have given your love, Lucy."

"Thank you, Karl. And now you are going to the post. And I must make haste, or I shall find the box shut."

He took his hand from her shoulder where it had rested, and crossed the grass, Lucy looking after him.

"How thoughtful and kind he is!" she soliloquized. "It is just as though he loved me." And her imagination went off wandering at random, as imagination will. Once more she reverted to that former possibility—of condoning the past and becoming reconciled again. It was very good of him, and she felt it so, to have stayed that week in London. She fancied he had done it that she might know he did not go to the Maze. And so, the evening shadows came on, and still Lucy sat there, lost in her dreams.

Miss Blake, it has been said, had hurried from dinner, to attend vespers. As she turned into the road she saw a boy a little in advance of her on the other side, his basket on his arm. It was the doctor's boy, Cris Lumley, against whom Miss Blake had a grievance. She crossed over and caught him up just as he rang at the Maze gate.

"Now, Cris Lumley, what have you to say for yourself? For three days you have not appeared at class."

"'Tain't my fault," said Cris Lumley who was just as impudent as he looked; a very different boy indeed from civil-natured Tom Pepp. "It be master's."

"How is it your master's?"

"What master says is this here: 'I be to attend to him and my place; or I be to give it up, if I wants to kick up my heels all day at school.'"

"I don't believe you," said Miss Blake, "I shall speak to Mr. Moore."

"Just do then," said the independent boy.

"The fact of the case is no doubt this, Cris Lumley—that you play truant for half the sometimes, on the plea of being all that while at school."

"Master said another thing, he did," resumed the gentleman, ignoring the last accusation "He said as if Parson Sumnor warn't no longer good enough for me to learn religion from, he'd get another boy in my place, that he was good enough for. There! you may ask him whether he said it or not."

Declining to bandy further words with him until she should have seen the surgeon, Miss Blake was hastening on, when the fringe of her mantle caught against his medicine basket. It reminded her that some one must be ill. Battling for a moment with her curiosity, but not for long, she condescended to inquire who was ill at the Maze.

"It be the mistress," replied Cris.

"The mistress! Do you mean Mrs. Grey!"

Mr. Lumley nodded.

"What is the matter with *her*?"

"Got a baby," said the boy shortly.

For the instant Miss Blake was struck dumb. She did not believe it.

"He were born yesterday," added the boy. "This be some physic for him, and this be the missis's."

Throwing back the lid of one end of his basket, Miss Blake saw two bottles, done up in white paper. The larger one was addressed "Mrs. Grey," the small one "Mrs. Grey's infant."

She turned away without another word, feeling ready to sink with the weight of the world's iniquity. It pressed upon her most unpleasantly throughout the evening service at St. Jerome's, and for once Miss Blake was inattentive to the exhortations of the Rev. Guy.

To return to Lucy. It grew dusk and more dusk, and she at length went indoors. Karl came in, bringing Mr. Moore, whom he had overtaken near the gate, and almost close upon that Miss Blake returned. The sight of the doctor, sitting there with Karl and Lucy, brought back all Miss Blake's indignation. It had been at boiling point for the last hour, and now it bubbled over. The wisest course, no doubt, would have been to hold her tongue; but her righteous condemnation forbade that. There could be no fear of risking Jane Shore's sheet of penance in repeating this. It was her duty to speak; she fully believed that; her duty to open Lucy's obtuse eyes—and who knew but that Sir Karl might be brought to his senses through the speaking? The surgeon and Lucy were sitting near the window in the sweet twilight; Karl stood back by the mantel-piece.

"I—I have heard some very curious news," began Miss Blake in a low, reluctant tone, having waited for some discussion about flowers to die away. "I heard it from that boy of yours, Mr. Moore. He says there's a baby at the Maze."

"Yes," readily acquiesced Mr. Moore. "A baby-boy, born yesterday."

And Miss Blake, standing at angles between the two, saw a motion of startled surprise on the part of Karl Wynne. Lucy looked up simply not understanding. After a pause, during which no one spoke, Miss Blake, in language softened to ambiguousness, took upon herself to intimate that in her opinion the Maze had no business with a baby.

Mr. Moore laughed pleasantly. "That, I imagine, is Mrs. Grey's concern," he said.

Lucy understood it now; she felt startled almost to sickness. "Is it Mrs. Grey who has the baby?" was on the point of her tongue, but she did not speak it.

"Where is Mrs. Grey's husband?" cried uncompromising Miss Blake.

"In London, I fancy, just now," said the doctor.

"*Has she one at all*, Mr. Moore?"

"Good gracious, yes," cried the hearty-natured surgeon. "I'd answer for it with my life, nearly. She's as nice a young lady as I'd ever wish to attend, and good, too."

"For Lucy's sake, I'll go on; for his sake, standing there in his shame," thought Miss Blake in her rectitude. "Better things may come of it, other wise I'd drop the hateful subject forever."

"Mr. Moore," she continued aloud, "Why do you say the husband is in London?"

"Because Mrs. Grey said something to that effect," he answered. "At least, I understood her words to imply as much; but she was very ill at the moment, and I did not question further."

"It has hitherto been represented that Mr. Grey was traveling abroad," pursued Miss Blake, with a tone and a stress on the "Mr." Grey.

"I know it has. But he may have returned. I am sure she said she had been up to London two or three weeks ago—and I thought she meant to imply that she went to meet her husband. It may have been a false conclusion I drew, but I certainly thought it."

Sir Karl took a step forward. "I can answer for it that Mrs. Grey did go up," he said, "for I chanced to travel in the same carriage with her. Getting into the up-train at the station one day, I found Mrs. Grey seated there."

Lucy glanced towards him as he spoke. There was no embarrassment in his countenance; his voice was easy and open as though he had spoken of a stranger. Her own face looked white as death.

"You did!" cried the doctor. "Did she tell you she was going up to meet Mr. Grey?"

"No, she did not. I put her into a cab at the terminus, and that's all I know about it. It was broiling hot, I remember."

"Well," resumed the doctor, "whether it was to meet her husband or whether not, to London she went for a day or two in the broiling heat—as Sir Karl aptly terms it—and she managed to fatigue herself so much that she has not felt well since, and has never been able to get over the fatigue."

Lucy rose and left the room, she and her white face. Karl followed her with his eyes; he had seen the whiteness.

"Is it a healthy child?" he asked.

"Quite so," replied the surgeon, "but Mrs. Grey's very ill."

"Is she?" cried Karl.

"Yes. And there's no nurse and no anything; matters are all at sixes and sevens."

"I hope she'll do well!" breathed Karl.

"So do I."

Miss Blake looked at the two speakers. The one seemed just as open as the other. She thought what a finished adept Karl Wynne was getting to be in deception.

The doctor took his leave. He was, as he told them, on his way to the Maze then. Karl went with him to the outer gate, and then paced the lawn in the evening twilight.

"After all, it is well it's over," ran his thoughts. "This expected illness was always putting itself in view when I was planning to get away Adam. Once Rose is well again, the ground will be, so far, clear. But good heavens! how it increases the risk! Here's Moore going in at any hour of the day or night, I suppose—and Adam so incautious! Well, I think he will take care and keep in seclusion for his own sake. And for myself—it brings more complication," he added with a sigh. "The child is the heir now instead of me, and the whole property must eventually come to him. Poor Lucy! I saw she felt it. Oh, she may well be vexed! Does she quite comprehend, I wonder, who this baby is, and what it will take from us?—Foxwood amidst the rest? I wish I had never married! I wish a merciful heaven had interposed to prevent it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A MATCH BROKEN OFF.

A match has been broken off on Calumet avenue between the male and female scions of two prominent families, who, it had been thought, would have made an excellent marriage, since she was young and handsome and he was old and rich. It appears, however, that they had an irreconcilable quarrel on a very vital subject. He was a very precise man, who used to say that time was money, and procrastination was the thief of time, and so on, and when they were discussing their married life she said: "Next Easter you'll give me the loveliest hat and dress in Chicago, won't you, pretty?" He said he would. "And," she continued, "you'll take a pew in the very front of the most fashionable church?" "I will," he said. "And," she said," "we'll always go to church nice and late, won't we?" "Nice and early, my love," he said, correcting her. "No; I mean nice and late, of course," she answered. "But, my dear," he remonstrated, "time is money, as Solomon says. If I were to be seen going to church late people would think I was slothful in business serving the bank. Why do you wish to cultivate the unlovely habit of unpunctuality?" "Oh, because," she replied, "when you go to church late every one turns round to look at you and see what you have on. Do you think I am a heathen and don't want to go to church properly?" Alas! to be wroth with one we love doth work like madness in the brain; and the match is off.—[Chicago Tribune.]

GRUMBLING.—Don't be a grumbler. Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything; to run against all the sharp corners, and find out all the disagreeable things. Half the strength spent in growling would often set things right. You may as well make up your mind, to begin with, that nobody ever found the world quite as he would like it; but you are to take your share of the trouble and bear it bravely. You will be very sure to have burdens laid upon you that belong to other people, unless you are a shirk yourself; but don't grumble. If the work needs doing and you can do it, never mind about the other man who ought to have done it and didn't. Those workers who fill up the gaps, and smooth away the rough spots, and finish up the job that others leave undone, they are the true peacemakers, and worth a whole regiment of growlers.

IN general that man is a coward who shapes his course of action by his fears; and he alone is a man of real courage who dares to do right.

THE GATHERING TOGETHER AND ONWARD MARCH OF A GREAT REPUBLIC.

By A. H. WHARTON.

PART XX.

ROBERT MORRIS.

Although in the brief space allotted to these sketches, which do not assume to be more than outlines of American history, it is impossible to enumerate a tenth part of the noble and heroic deeds and sacrifices of the men and women of the Revolution, we should deem our task lamentably incomplete should we fail to mention the names of some of the most eminent men of those days, omitted in the excitement of stirring events.

Of these, Philadelphia may be justly proud of such men as Robert Morris, Francis Hopkinson, Thomas Mifflin, first Governor of Pennsylvania, Thomas McKean, who succeeded him in office, John Dickenson, John Nixon, Charles Thomson, the "perpetual secretary" of Congress, and many others whose character and work have made their names known and honored.

That of Robert Morris is inseparably associated with the history of our struggle for independence as from 1775, when he was elected a delegate to the General Congress, to the end of the war he was the great financier of the United States, bringing his immense personal influence, uncommon business talents, and unflagging energies to the difficult task of providing for the wants of a large army solely dependent upon a young and struggling country.

Of the manner in which Mr. Morris acquitted himself of this work too much cannot be said, and the more deeply and critically we study the position of the national finances during that period, the more we are lost in admiration of the distinguished ability of this man.

Robert Morris was born in Lancashire, England, January, 1733; thirteen years later his family emigrated to America, and Robert was placed at school in Philadelphia. Here he remained for two years, after which he entered the counting-house of Mr. Charles Willing, where, in course of time, his talents and integrity so impressed themselves upon his employer that on his death-bed he is said to have exclaimed: "Robert, always continue to act as you have done."

The firm of Willing & Morris organized in 1754, was destined to become the most extensive importing house in Philadelphia, then the most advanced of New World cities. The Philadelphia of to-day gives us but a faint idea of what this city was under the English governors, when the opulent merchants and gentlemen lived in state and luxury near the banks of the Delaware river, essentially English in manners, habits and thoughts.

It is interesting in glancing over some letters written in 1777, to learn how Mrs. Philadelphia Taylor, the daughter of the Governor, writes of this city, evidently feeling she was shut off from all the joys of life during her residence here. After thanking Mr. John White for a gown which he has been commissioned to purchase for her in England, and which, we are pleased to know, she found "exceeding rich and genteel," she enters into a long and bitter wail against the dullness of life in Philadelphia and the lack of all congenial amusement, sighing the while for an English Arcadia, which she thus quaintly describes:

"The hight of my ambition is to have us all live together in some pretty country place in a clean and genteel manner."

Although we are inclined to feel that Mrs. Taylor was not blessed with an especially contented disposition, the tenor of her letters and many other written about this time gives us an idea of the thoroughly English tone of society in the colony; England being the center from whence all blessings emanated, from the gown of the woman of quality to the elegantly curled *peruke*, without which the toilet of her lord and master was incomplete. Amid the influences of such a community it was no trifling step for the important firm of Willing & Morris, some years later, to stand up boldly in opposition to the Stamp Act and the Tea Act, regardless of all private interest in their desire to maintain principles of equity and justice.

In the spring of 1776, Mr. Morris was constituted special commissioner to negotiate bills of exchange for the government; the following July he was again elected to Congress, and being in favor of the Declaration affixed his name to that memorable document on the 2d of August.

It may be interesting to know that Mr. Morris and Mr. Dickenson were absent from Philadelphia when the Declaration was voted for by the State of Pennsylvania, but one of these influential citizens being for and the other against the adoption of this resolution, their absence had no effect upon the majority.

Mr. Morris' portrait gives us the idea of a man of great force, of character and decision, and with these qualities he combined traits that made him beloved in social and domestic life. Living in a style commensurate with his wealth, the house of this princely merchant was resorted to by all persons of consequence who visited Philadelphia. Alexander Hamilton and Governeur Morris were his most intimate friends, and Washington's first visit, when he came to this city, was always to Robert Morris.

Like most superior men, he had the power of appreciating greatness and ability in others, accordingly Robert Morris wrote of Washington, during the period of depression in 1777, following the retreat of the Continental army through the Jerseys, when others—among them the Adamses—were pleased to cavil at his generalship: "He is the greatest man on earth."

There were many found to extol the consummate skill of the commander-in-chief in 1781, when victory crowned the American arms, ignoring the fact that this seemingly sudden success was but the natural result of the gradual elaboration of Washington's broad and far-reaching policy and of Greene's masterly generalship in the South—not always, at the time, satisfying the popular clamor for brilliant victories. Robert Morris' confidence in Washington's ability and ultimate success seems never to have flagged, and most thoroughly was it tested.

In the winter of 1776, before the battle of Trenton, when Washington wrote to Robert Morris acquainting him with the distressing condition of his army, and entreating him to use his influence to procure a loan, Congress had fled from Philadelphia, dreading the approach of the British through Jersey, and public confidence was utterly shaken. Yet Morris, undaunted by the ominous appearance of affairs, succeeded in raising $10,000 on his personal credit. Again he procured $50,000, which he sent to Washington with kindly assurances that he would do all in his power to raise needed funds at any future time. These, and many instances of a kindred nature, led to the saying that the credit of this well-known merchant was better than that of Congress.

Without attempting to enter into a detailed recital of the intricate financial transactions of the Revolution, it is not too much to say that Robert Morris furnished the life-blood to both Northern and Southern armies during that most important campaign that led to victory and a subsequent cessation of hostilities.

In 1781, Mr. Morris—who was Secretary of the Treasury—and Judge Peters were at Washington's headquarters on the Hudson, when he received the important letter from De Grasse that changed the whole course of events. Though bitterly disappointed at the failure of his co-operation in an attack upon New York, the General speedily diverted his thoughts into other channels, and knowing that a large sum would be required in order to make a successful assault upon Cornwallis at Yorktown, he turned to Mr. Morris and asked what he could do for him.

"Let me know the sum you desire," was the reply.

The estimate was soon made, and the requisite amount—a very large one—raised in a short time. The Bank of North America was put into successful operation by Mr. Morris at a time when Congress could not obtain $1,000 on its own credit. Twice he served in the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and had the honor of being one of the six signers of the Declaration of Independence who assisted in framing the new Constitution.

When Washington became President of the United States, he was desirous of securing Robert Morris' services as Secretary of the Treasury. This position he declined to fill, and being asked to appoint a substitute, unhesitatingly pronounced the name of Alexander Hamilton, who served his country with ability and integrity.

After his retirement from public life, Mr. Morris, in order to retrieve his somewhat diminished fortune—for it is stated on good authority, *that he did not make money during the war*—engaged in speculations in wild lands, which proved entirely unsuccessful. This, and the building of an elegant mansion near the present site of the Continental Hotel, involved him in financial difficulties of so serious a nature that he was unable to earn money to liquidate his debts. As if to afford an additional proof of the injustice and base ingratitude of the world at large, this truly honorable man, whose expressed desire was to be permitted to work out his own redemption in the clear light of day, was thrown into a debtor's prison, where he was suffered to remain four years.

Robert Morris died in 1806, in the seventy-third year of his age, having forfeited in no degree the esteem and affection of those who were endowed with an appreciation of true greatness and nobility of character.

The remains of this distinguished man were interred in Christ Church, where he had been married in 1769, by the Rev. Mr. Peters, to Miss White—a sister of Bishop White.

The following is the inscription on his tombstone, which will doubtless be read with interest by many who visit Philadelphia in 1876, and turning aside from the exciting events of the hour, find time to linger awhile among the interesting and historical events of old Christ Church:

The Family Vault of
WM. WHITE & ROBT. MORRIS
The latter who was Financier
of the United States
during the Revolution.
died the 6th May 1806
aged 73 years.

ON THE SAND BAR.

BY R. A. N. E.

"Miss Wardlaw, I am in earnest about your not venturing in the surf to-day. It is very unsafe."

"I would not miss my plunge for anything, and really your anxiety is very groundless, there is not the least danger," I replied, coldly, not looking in Ernest Fleming's eyes as I spoke.

"I shall not go myself, and again I beg of you to hesitate."

"Oh! do not consider it necessary to tell me your plans. I certainly did not at all count upon your accompanying me."

Ernest turned away with a frown as I spoke, while, with a reckless laugh, I leaned over the balcony to take a bunch of pink starry blossoms held up to me by the handsomest of all the few stray young men who "smiled on our darkness and lent us their aid" in this little benighted watering place of B——. His name was Paul Maltravers, and he looked very gallant and desirable as he stood with uncovered head, holding up the lovely flowers.

"How sweet they are, thank you a thousand times," said I.

"Miss Marian," said Paul, in a low tone, "don't mind what Fleming says. There's not a fraction of danger."

"I'm wild to go, and not a bit afraid."

"Do let me go with you," said Paul, eagerly; and I replied, aloud, and decidedly:

"Thank you very much, Mr. Maltravers; I shall be most happy to accept your escort."

Then, rising, I walked slowly into the hotel. As I passed Ernest Fleming, my dress caught in his chair, and I was held fast. He rose instantly, disentangled the light fabric, and, as he gave the torn pieces into my hand, looked me gravely, almost sternly, in the eyes. I felt myself flush crimson, but turned away, with scarcely a word of thanks, to make some light reply to Paul, who had followed me.

But, in spite of my apparent unconsciousness, I felt, rather than saw, Ernest return to his companion, a lovely blonde maiden with rippling golden hair, and, bending low over her, say something which deepened the faint sea-shell color in her fair cheek.

Going up to my small box of a room, I threw myself on my extremely uncomfortable bed, and wept passionate tears, which scalded rather than relieved my poor restless heart. For, reader, I loved Ernest Fleming with all the warmth and intensity of my impulsive, undisciplined southern nature; and for the past month he had seemed to care for me; but now I felt that I had deceived myself, and was bitterly unhappy.

We had been at this little seaside resort several weeks, dear old Aunt Lucy and I, and when Ernest Fleming, with his thoughtful, noble face, had come down there, the "light that never was on land or sea" seemed to illumine all the world for me. He had been so gentle and kind to me, so full of manly thoughtfulness, and that protective tenderness which is so fascinating to the female heart, especially to such an untried, childish heart as I, Marian Wardlaw, with all my eighteen years of what I considered experience, possessed.

But the last week everything had changed. Ida Grenville had come among us, with her fair cat-like beauty, her innocent eyes and exquisite grace, and stolen my lover and my peace away from me. I looked at my own sunburnt face, tangled brown curls, and, ah! too often and unluckily, tumbled and torn costume; and, contrasting the whole picture with Ida's neat and always lady-like appearance and regular beauty, I was sure that Ernest loved her.

The knowledge made me abrupt and bitter, and often positively rude to him; while, with the intuitive pride of a woman who believes herself to love unsolicited, I encouraged rashly the advances of Paul Maltravers, who seemed to find a pleasure I could not understand in my stupid society.

The night before seemed to me to have been a sort of crisis in my history. It was a heavenly moonlight evening, and we went on a sailing party far out on that glorious ocean of my dreams. I sat apart, at one time, from everyone, leaning my head upon my clasped hands, and thinking sadly of the last sail, two weeks before, when Ernest had been ever beside me, his dark eyes glowing in the moonlight, and seeming to drag mine to them with passionate intensity. Now, all was so different. He was leaning over Ida, who turned her sweet face up to him as a flower turns to the sun. I hated her as I gazed, remembering how she had come into my room that morning and told me of Mr. Fleming's attentions to her; and, as if that were not enough, had said, laughingly, "He says, you and Mr. Maltravers will surely make a match." Ah! how cruel it all was!

As I was looking at them, Ernest suddenly raised his head, encountered my gaze, started forward, then as quickly checked himself and came leisurely towards me, making some trivial remark about the beauty of the night. I was almost too irritated to reply, as I thought he only came to me because I seemed forlorn and forsaken, so I merely said:

"Yes, it is a charming evening."

There was a long pause; and then he quickly bent towards me and said, in a low, intense voice:

"Miss Wardlaw, why have you been so cold to me these past few days?"

My heart beat so quickly that I was nearly suffocated, but remembering Ida's words, I said, languidly:

'Really, I did not know in this hot weather, that anything was capable of being cold. You ought to regard me as your greatest benefactor, for giving you the very suggestion of coolness; but I fear you have only mistaken my manner."

Then turning to Paul, who had just approached, I said:

"Oh, Mr. Matthews, I thought you were never coming back; I have been quite bored to death with my own wicked thoughts."

Ernest bit his lip under that long, graceful moustache I admired so greatly, and without another word, went back to Ida and never left her side the whole evening. Oh, what heavenly moonlight; what a beautiful sea; what merry words; yet what a breaking heart was mine, that lovely night, as we sailed on that ocean of silver beauty, apparently all so happy and joyous.

The next morning the scene with which this story opens took place. I was always very reckless in the water, and had never gone in bathing without Mr. Fleming, who was a strong swimmer, and always watched over me with untiring care. This was the only time he had ever seemed unwilling to go with me, and I did not believe his excuse that he believed the beach unsafe on account of the strong currents and undertow. However, I was bitterly determined to oppose him in every way I could, so I got ready, and gaily started off to the shore.

Just as I was leaving my bathing-house, clad in those exquisitely becoming robes of elegance in which we present ourselves at the court of Neptune, I had the gratification of seeing Ida Grenville in the freshest, sweetest of white muslins, with fluttering blue ribbons, start off with Mr. Fleming for a long walk on the sands. I laughed gaily, and said to Ida, "Good-bye, little coward," and then to Mr. Fleming, with a derisive smile, "Good-bye, big coward," and then ran with one plunge into the breakers.

With the wicked desire to brave Mr. Fleming, I went far beyond the depth he always took me to, and soon I was joined by Paul. No one ever enjoyed bathing as much as I did, yet to-day, when I saw that Ernest was out of sight, I lost all pleasure in my daily rapture. We stayed in much longer than Ernest ever allowed me to remain, but at last turned to go in when it was so late that comparatively few people were around. The breakers were gloriously strong and high, but we had kept up pretty well—much better than the majority of the unlucky, gasping wretches around us. All of a sudden we saw a huge wall of a breaker rolling in towards us through a comparatively quiet sea.

"Great heavens," cried Paul, "Look out!" and reader, *he let go his hold of me.* In one instant I seemed to be miles and miles away from him, the shore, and from everything but the great, cruel, green swells of water. I was rolled and tossed hither and thither by the remorseless breakers, and it seemed years before I saw the golden sunlight once more. When I came at last to the surface, I shrieked in terror, for the land was far away and receding rapidly, while a strong current, setting right out to sea, was carrying me swiftly with it. It was in vain to struggle, and remembering Ernest's instructions on a former day, I tried to keep myself on my back, floating. I could just see, dimly, the people running to and fro upon the shore. Suddenly I seemed to meet a contrary current, and my onward course was somewhat checked, but my strength was fast giving out.

Unconsciously I shrieked aloud, "Ernest, Ernest!" and gave one despairing look towards the land. I saw a flying figure, borne, it seemed to me, on the very wings of the wind. It is—yes, it is Ernest! He plunges in the deep. The same current bears him to me faster and faster, and just as he touches me and I clutch him in my drowning grasp, we both sink down, down, down, it seems to me to the very bottomless pit. I am almost gone, but soon I feel him holding my head above the water while his strong arm supports me, and he says, in accents of the deepest tenderness, "Courage, my little one, I will save you."

"We are lost," I gasp.

"If we are, we die together, my heart's beloved, and you are mine forever."

Then I lost all consciousness. When I regained it I found myself in his arms in what seemed to me still the boundless ocean, but with our feet upon the ground. In reality we were on a sandbank which the recent violent storm had thrown up near the bar, and though our position was a very unsafe one for any length of time, yet the danger was over, for a boat was putting off from the shore and rapidly coming to our rescue.

Reader, did you ever make love on a sandbar in the middle of the ocean, to a very pale, and limp, and lachrymose mermaid in a draggled blue bathing-dress, with tangled, gorgon-like, snaky locks escaping from a bruised and battered sailor hat? Because Mr. Fleming did.

And as to this day, I tremble and turn pale at the sight of the dear old ocean I once loved so well, my husband says to me with a smile, "Little coward, who is the big coward now?"

ON KEEPING A COMMON-PLACE BOOK,

AND HOW TO TURN IT TO PRACTICAL ACCOUNT.

It would be idle, at the present day, to say anything in favor of books. Ever since books were, the greatest authors of all ages have given eloquent testimony to their inestimable value; they have been praised in prose and celebrated in song, have been collected and arrayed in splendid bindings, and sometimes coffined up by bibliomaniacs, as too precious to be put into the hands of mere readers; and they have, alas, been ruthlessly burnt and otherwise destroyed by barbarous conquerors. "Wondrous, indeed, is the virtue of a true book," says Carlyle, and he only echoes what many a thankful reader and scholar has said before him. Friends may change and the dreams of youth fade away, but a man who seeks consolation in books will secure companions whose friendships will never fail him, and in whom he will find more and more to admire every day. Well might Southey write, in the familiar lines:

"My days among the dead are passed:
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old:
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse night and day."

It is not, however, with books in general that we have to deal now, but rather with one particular kind of book, which should contain within itself the essence of a good many others—that is to say, a Commonplace Book. The dictionary definition is a good one:—"A book in which things to be remembered are recorded and arranged under their general heads." How many of the readers of this article keep such a book? Those who do will know its value without any explanation, and those who do not, may, it is to be hoped, be tempted to commence such a volume at once.

Let us see, then, what a commonplace book is. Everyone who reads must, from time to time, be struck with certain special passages—a particular piece of prose or more than ordinarily beautiful thought in verse, a reference or quotation, it may be—at all events, it is a something which causes the reader to pause for a moment and vaguely wish that the particular passage of thought should not be forgotten. But memory is treacherous, and as other ideas follow which we might also like to treasure, the author's words and thoughts very soon slip away from us. Or take another case. We are reading a newspaper, and come upon an article on some special subject of which we have long wished for fresh information. In one part there is a passage which contains an account of an invention which strikes us as well worth remembrance. We read it, and trust to the chapter of accidents to remember it; or we put aside the newspaper for preservation, in which case it is usually lost, or we cut out the passage and pocket it, when a similar fate overtakes the extract. Or again, to come down to more homely matters, you notice in some paper or periodical a good receipt—some hint on household economy or decorative art. You may remember it or you may not, at any rate, some method of insuring yourself against forgetfulness is desirable.

Now in all these cases, and in many more which might be mentioned, what is wanted is a commonplace book—that is to say, a good-sized volume, wherein any extract which especially takes your fancy can be either copied or pasted, according to circumstances. Captain Cuttle's famous advice, "When found, make a note of it," which forms the motto of a periodical commonplace book, is admirable advice, and it is astonishing what a valuable collection of extracts, hints, inventions, epigrams, and quotations of all kinds a person may gather in a very few years. Of course, a certain discretion must be exercised. Many people, on first starting a commonplace book, commence to overstock it with all sorts of odds and ends of no particular importance. The volume thus becomes a lumber-room, instead of a storehouse of valuables, and is of very little use. Each person, too, will act upon different principles of selection, extracting for various purposes and with different aims, so that a commonplace book would reflect with fair accuracy the bent of a man's or a woman's mind, and the direction of its owner's tastes.

In keeping such a book, two things are essential if it is to be a success. In the first place, copy out your extract, or paste it in directly you have decided it is worth preserving. If you put it off, the chances are that you will be unable to find the passage when you want it again, or it will be altogether forgotten. In the second place, your commonplace book should have a carefully compiled index, and each extract should be indexed under two different headings if possible, for convenience of reference. This, too, should be done when the extract is put in. An index compiled in this way, by degrees, is easily made, and will probably be an accurate one, whereas, if left to be done after the completion of the book, it is troublesome to make, and very likely to contain mistakes. There is no occasion to make it alphabetical at first; a mere classification under each letter will be sufficient classification for some time, and a rearrangement can be easily made afterwards. It is a good plan to keep the index in a separate volume, for its length can never be accurately guaged, and it is also easier to rearrange. A reference under two heads—the author and the subject, for instance, in the case of a quotation—is useful, because in one case you may remember that the author wrote on that subject, and in another you may recall the idea but forget the author. In any case an index is indispensable; in fact, without one you will probably spend more time in searching for your extract than it is worth when found.

It is almost unnecessary to dilate on the value of a commonplace book kept with discretion. There is hardly any pursuit in which a man or woman can be engaged that will not, at times, receive aid from such a volume. There are, no doubt, certain occupations—notably those connected with literature and art—which would benefit most by a commonplace book. But apart from its use, such a volume is a source of much pleasure to the possessor as well as to others, and the extracts made in youth will be read with a curious interest in after-life.

HOW TO PREVENT HIGH GAS BILLS.

The following from the *Scientific American* may direct some manufacturers to the road to economy in the master of light:

There are various other causes of high gas bills, which the householder might well look to, but into which we cannot enter in any detail here. Prominent among these are the burners, a poor one of which may easily burn double the gas and not give half the light of one properly constructed. The ordinary type of burner, besides, burns out, and through the enlargement of its orifice, soon becomes very wasteful of gas. Another cause of waste is due to people trying to read or work by several lights located in a high chandelier or fixture instead of by one light brought near them. A single burner, one foot distant from the page of the book, will shed on that page thirty-six times more light than the same burner six feet away; or, in other words, the single burner located as first stated, will light the page as brilliantly as six chandeliers, of six burners each, hung six feet from the book. The absolute quantity of light is the same at all distances, but is spread out over an area which increases with the square of the distance from the flame; so that it is obvious that lights are used very wastefully when they are placed far away from the object which they are to illuminate.

THE RICHEST MAN IN GERMANY.

The Bremer *Handelsblatt* has lately given to the world a most interesting piece of information. Who is the richest man in Germany? Most persons would say in reply, Rothschild or some other great banker, or some long-descended German baron. In both cases the searcher for truth would be wrong. The richest man in Prussia is neither banker nor noble, but plain Krupp, the maker of cannons. Krupp, the gun-maker, pays more income tax than any man in Prussia. He pays nearly 110,000 marks, which represents a yearly scale of profit exceeding 5,000,000 marks, or about $1,250,000. It is true that it is whispered in non-official circles that Krupp, the gunsmith, has a partner who shares his gains and likewise contributes his quota toward the payment of income tax. This mysterious individual is known unto men as the German Government, impersonated by Prince Bismarck and the Emperor William. The rich man may, therefore, not be as wealthy as he appear to be, seeing that his gains are divided as well as his outgoings with sleeping partners, whose profits are drawn from the heavy taxation borne by the German people.

XANTIPPE.

It seems that the memory of this woman, like that of her renowned husband, is likely to be kept alive to the end of time. She is said to have possessed a very irritable temper, and her name has become a synonym of "vixen," or "scold." It is more than possible, however, that the judgment passed upon her by mankind has been too severe. A more charitable disposition would undoubtedly have discovered in her many good qualities, and have attributed her failings more to physical infirmities than to moral obliquity. The party most intimately acquainted with her, and therefore best able to form a correct opinion, gives her credit for many domestic virtues. It is now well known that many of the diseases to which women are subject, have a direct tendency to render them irritable, peevish, cross, morose, unreasonable, so that they chafe and fret over all those little ills and annoyances that a person in health would bear with composure. It is fair to infer that most of the tantrums of Xantippe were due to these causes alone; and could Socrates, as he returned from the Senate, the Gymnasium, or the Atheneum, have stopped at Prettie & Mortar's Drug Store and carried home a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now and then, no doubt he might have evaded many a "curtain lecture," allayed many a "domestic broil," made it much pleasanter for the children and more enjoyable for himself, and rescued his wife's name from the unenviable, world-wide, and eternal notoriety it has attained. Thousands of women bless the day on which Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was first made known to them. A single bottle often gives delicate and suffering women more relief than months of treatment from their family physician. In all those derangements causing backache, dragging-down sensations, nervous and general debility, it is a sovereign remedy. Its soothing and healing properties render it of the utmost value to ladies suffering from internal fever, congestion, inflammation or ulceration, and its strengthening effects tend to correct displacements of internal parts, the result of weakness of natural supports. It is sold by all druggists.

FEMALE FRIENDSHIPS.—Friendship—pure, everlasting—is an attribute of love divine, and should be cultivated by us all; but there is a kind of friendship which is often attended with bad results, which should be avoided, especially by young females, and that is a friendship whose only foundation is silly confidence. We have seen, with regret, young women enter into new alliances of friendship with all the warmth and ardor of youth, and repose in some new-found friend of an hour all their secrets of sentiments, and appear happy in the act. When we see this, we always form our own opinion as to the character of such. A mother is the only counsellor that a young girl requires in regulating her affections, and by following her advice happiness will be the result. Until, then, a friend is tried and proved by long years of experience, a young woman should never confide in her, for, though she may be a fit associate, she is certainly an unsafe counsellor.

POSTSCRIPTS.

—Long straps for short women in street cars are called for.

—One dollar a year is the salary of the mayor of Oil City, Penna.

—A St. Louis grocer thus adulterates his orthography: "Beett and Cheapest Buttr."

—A "stall," consisting of a table three feet by two, rents for $500 per annum outside Washington Market, New York.

—You can blow your nose on a handkerchief if you invest $1, in one on which is printed the Declaration of Independence in three different languages.

—The Signal Service last year cost $300,000. For this sum "Old Probabilities" should give us balmy breezes, beautiful sunshine, refreshing showers (when needed), and gorgeous rainbows, all the year round.

—It is said the extravagant display of flowers at funerals has led to the use of artificial ones by those who cannot afford to purchase the natural. They are furnished by the undertaker, who charges a certain price for their use, and, after the funeral ceremonies are over, carries them away with the other trappings of woe.

—The New York *Mail* tells young ladies how to arrange their hair in a fashionable style: Let it all down and comb it out. Then go up on the roof and stand still while the winds play the very (whatever is appropriate) with it. Then catch up the back with a bow of ribbon, and allow the front to stay as it is.

—The city of New York contains four hundred and twenty-five churches. The cost of some of them is over $1,000,000. If their average cost is but $50,000 each, the total cost is $21,250,000. If the sittings average five hundred each, the total number of persons who can be accommodated with a seat in a church is but 250,000, or one in five of the population.

—The San Francisco style of advertising is rather sensational. Here is a late specimen from one of the journals of that city: "Away from the land of her birth and loved of her youth, she met the relentless conqueror, bowed her lovely head to his stroke. Other hands smoothed the long, brown tresses; other fingers closed the blue eyes, and folded the gentle hands upon the peaceful, sinless bosom." "Pure pork sausages—six pounds for $1, at William & Cook's, under Exchange."

—If you want to know how the exceedingly particular and fashionable folks eat oranges, read the following: The orange is to be held in the left hand in a very small and very pretty fringed napkin, used exclusively for this purpose. With a pearl-handled knife in the right hand an incision is made in the orange at the point where the fruit is detached from the stem, and the heart is entirely removed, leaving an opening large enough to introduce a small gold spoon. With this spoon is taken out from the orange its delicious juice and pulp, which is thus held and eaten in its own peel. The delicacy and skill required in this operation are considered marks of fine breeding. Those who have not the gold spoons, etc., will stick to the old-fashioned way.

—The following poetical advertisement indicates humorously, but very truthfully, how much a man expects of his wife:

Wanted—A wife who can handle a broom
To brush down the cobwebs and sweep up her room;
Can make decent bread that a fellow can eat,
Not the horrible compound you everywhere meet;
Who knows how to boil, to fry, and to roast,
Make a good cup of tea and a platter of toast:
A women that washes, cooks, irons, and stitches,
And sews up the rips in a fellow's old clothes,
And makes her own garments—an item, too, which is
So horrid expensive, as every one knows;
A common-sense creature, and still with a mind
To teach and to guide—exalted, refined:
A sort of an angel and house-maid combined.

AT our request, Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, have promised to send any of our readers, gratis (on receipt of fifteen cents to pay postage), a sample of Dobbins' Electric soap to try. Send at once.

RECEIPTS.

FADED writing in ink can be restored by brushing over with a solution of sulphide of ammonium.

A LITTLE common soap lather mixed with starch gives linen a good gloss.

WAX flowers, if left out in the drizzling rain, will be thoroughly cleaned in a short time.

MUCILAGE used for postage stamps by the Government is composed of dextrine, two ounces; acetic acid, one ounce; alcohol, one ounce; water, five ounces.

FEEDING BEES.—Put a pound of brown sugar in a low tin dish, wet it with water, and lay a number of small strips of wood across for the bees to rest on while at work. One pound of sugar produces two pounds of honey.

AN adhesive material for uniting the parts of boots and shoes, and for the seams of articles of clothing, may be made thus: Take one pound of gutta percha, four ounces of India rubber, two ounces of pitch, one ounce of shellac, two ounces of oil. The ingredients are to be melted together, and used hot.

TASTEFUL ornaments may be made of leaves and sprays artificially frosted. This is done by means of powdered glass, which can easily be obtained by pounding some bits of glass with a heavy hammer, care being taken to protect the eyes against flying splinters. Dip the object in thin gum water, and shake the powdered glass over them. When dry, handsome bouquets can be arranged.

GREASE or paint spots in clothes are easily removed by oil of turpentine, or a hot iron pressed on the place over coarse brown paper, after scraping all that can be got off with a blunt knife. Stains may be removed from light colored clothes, such as drabs, buffs or whites, with Fuller's earth; but this is apt to take the color out of dark clothes. It should be dissolved in a little boiling water, put on the spot when hot, held to the fire to dry, and then brushed out. Pitch is removed, first, by rubbing the place over with grease or oil, and then taking out the oil by the application of spirits of turpentine.

STARCH paste is best prepared by first rubbing the starch perfectly smooth with sufficient cold water not to form too thick a mass, and pouring into this boiling water very slowly, with rapid stirring, until the paste begins to form, as indicated by the increased transparency, and then rapidly adding the rest of the boiling water necessary for the paste. Boiling the paste is very injurious, rendering it less adhesive and liable to peel off. Rye flour affords a more adhesive paste, but of a gray color. A little alum added to the water with which paste is prepared renders it more permanent, and the use of boiling lime-water instead of pure water adds to its adhesiveness. By incorporating with the paste a quantity of turpentine, equal in weight to half of the starch employed, and stirring well while the paste is still hot, it will be rendered more impervious to moisture, and at the same time more adhesive.

The Wish to be Beautiful.—There never lived a woman who could truthfully say she did not care whether she was pretty or not. Every woman cares. The laws of her being render physical attractiveness as much a glory to her as strength is to a man. Now, one of the essential elements of beauty is a clear complexion, free from tan, spot, freckle or blemish, and this charm can be acquired by the use of DR. T. F. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER. The mass of testimony establishing the rejuvenating properties of this famous preparation covers a period of many years, and includes the names of a large number of professional celebrities, among which are those of Parepa Rosa, Nilsson, Fanny Stockton, Mrs. Bowers, etc. The scientific indorsement of the article is equally comprehensive and emphatic. The Board of Health of New York, in condemning generally the cosmetics of the period as poisonous, specially exempt GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, and pronounce it harmless. For nearly thirty-five years DR. GOURAUD'S preparations, including LILY-WHITE and ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP, for the cure of Skin Diseases, have taken precedence of all others, and the fashionable and scientific world unite in awarding to his ORIENTAL CREAM the superiority over every article of its class on either side of the Atlantic. Found at the Doctor's depot, 48 Bond Street, New York, and of druggists.

Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier. Indorsed by the fashionable world. 48 Bond St., N. Y., and of druggists. $1.50 per bottle.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D. 1821

Saturday Evening, June 10, 1876.

A JOINT BENEFIT.

Twice one are two. It is safe to start with this proposition; we will not stop to argue with any who dispute it. It follows that if each friend of the SATURDAY EVENING POST (which includes every subscriber) will get one of his friends to take it also, the subscription will be doubled. This will give the publishers a benefit, as nobody will deny.

Each subscriber will also get a benefit. The larger the circulation, the better a publisher can afford to make his paper, and the more careful he will be to keep its standard high. There is inspiration in numbers. An orator who has the attention and cheers of ten thousand can move and thrill them as he could not an audience of fifty.

Thousands of subscribers, with their almost life-long attachment for this paper, will heartily respond and say, "I will add at least one subscriber," just for the love of it. The cheering letters daily received, indicate this. The new publishers feel that their "lines have fallen in pleasant places," so cordial has been the welcome given. Thank you, friends, we shall try and deserve continued favor.

We desire to suitably recognize by acceptable tokens, all efforts made in behalf of this paper. Very many, already subscribers, will no doubt desire to possess the beautiful and appropriate CENTENNIAL MEMENTOS described on another page. We shall be pleased to present one of these exquisite *Medallions* for each new subscription forwarded by any one who is already a subscriber. The whole set can thus be procured without great difficulty, and we know they will be pleasing keepsakes and reminders of this notable year.

Who of the friends of the POST will be first to respond with his "one more?"

THE BLOSSOM OF THE CENTURY.

Opening of the International Exposition.

Like the flowering of the century plant, gorgeously crowning long years of growth and culture, the International Exposition has opened its treasures to expectant and exultant thousands. It is worthy the period which it marks, unequaled as a mere display of human accomplishment, and beyond all praise as an achievement of energy inspired by patriotism. The nations have come with full hands, and paid joyous tribute to American enthusiasm, and human brotherhood has here a practical recognition never before so fully expressed.

The ceremonies of inauguration on May 10th were befitting the occasion. The Emperor, the President, the emancipated slave and the former serf, divines, lawyers, editors, artists, scientists, mechanics, laborers, children, mothers, fathers, all ranks and conditions, a vast multitude, participated.

Minute descriptions of scenes and incidents belong rather to the daily than the weekly papers, and have already been given by the appropriate journals. We surrender large space for the leading general features which deserve permanent record, and which all will desire to keep for future reference.

Spacious platforms were erected between the Main Building and Memorial Hall, for the special accommodation of the dignitaries, and the members of Thomas' orchestra, and the Centennial chorus. These were crowded to their utmost capacity by more than five thousand persons. The intervening space was occupied by swarms of representatives of the newspaper press, and an uncounted multitude who, for the time, constituted a most powerful press of humanity. On either side of these stretched a vast, dense, unbroken crowd of not less than one hundred thousand persons, eagerly striving to catch a glimpse or hear the voices of the chief actors.

At the appointed hour, and while the representatives of the various governments were being conducted to their places, the orchestra of one hundred and fifty performers, under the lead of Theodore Thomas, gave the following national airs:

1. The Washington March.
2. Argentine Republic (Marche de la Republica).
3. Austria. Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser.
4. Belgium. La Brabanconne.
5. Brazil. Hymno Brasileira Nacional.
6. Denmark Volkslied—den tappre Landsoldat.
7. France. La Marseillaise.
8. Germany. Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland.
9. Great Britain. God Save the Queen.
10. Italy. Marcia del Re.
11. Netherlands. Wie neerlandsch bloed.
12. Norway. National Hymn.
13. Russia. National Hymn.
14. Spain. Riego's Spanish National Hymn.
15. Sweden. Volksangen (Bevare Gud var Kung).
16. Switzerland. Heil dir Helvetia.
17. Turkey. March.
18. Hail Columbia.

Following these, as the President of the United States made his appearance, the orchestra performed the Centennial Grand March, composed by Richard Wagner. The multitude then reverently listened, with uncovered heads, while Rev. Bishop Simpson invoked the Divine blessing in the following prayer:

Almighty and everlasting God, our Heavenly Father, Heaven is thy throne, and the earth is thy footstool. Before thy majesty and holiness the angels veil their faces, and the spirits of the just made perfect bow in humble adoration. Thou art the creator of all things, the preserver of all that exist, whether they be thrones or dominions or principalities or powers. The minute and the vast, atoms and worlds, alike attest the ubiquity of thy presence and the omnipotence of thy sway.

Thou alone art the sovereign ruler of nations. Thou raiseth up one and castest down another, and thou givest the kingdoms of the world to whomsoever thou will. The past with all its records is the unfolding of thy counsels and the realization of thy grand designs. We hail thee as our rightful ruler, the king eternal, immortal and invisible, the only true God, blessed forever more.

We come on this glad day, O thou God of our fathers, into these courts with thanksgiving, and into these gates with praise. We bless thee for thy wonderful goodness in the past, for the land which thou gavest to our fathers, a land veiled from the ages, from the ancient world, but revealed in the fullness of time to thy chosen people, whom thou didst lead by thine own right hand through the billows of the deep, a land of vast extent, of towering mountains and broad plains, of unnumbered products and of untold treasures.

We thank thee for the fathers of our country, men of mind and of might, who endured privations and sacrifices, who braved multiplied dangers rather than defile their consciences, or be untrue to their God, men who laid on the broad foundations of truth and justice the grand structure of civil freedom.

We praise thee for the closing century, for the founders of the Republic, for the immortal Washington and his grand associates, for the wisdom with which they planned, and the firmness and heroism which, under thy blessing, led them to triumphant success. Thou wast their shield in hours of danger, their pillar of cloud by day, and their pillar of fire by night. May we, their sons, walk in their footsteps and imitate their virtues.

We thank thee for social and national prosperity and progress, for valuable discoveries and multiplied inventions, for labor-saving machinery relieving the toiling masses, for schools, free as the morning light for the millions of the rising generation, for books and periodicals scattered like leaves of autumn over the land, for art and science, for freedom to worship God according to the dictates of conscience, for a church unfettered by the trammels of state.

Bless, we pray thee, the President of the United States and his constitutional advisers, the Judges of the Supreme Court, the Senators and Representatives in Congress, the Governors of our several Commonwealths, the officers of the Army and the Navy, and all who are in official position throughout our land. Guide them, we pray thee, with counsels of wisdom, and may they ever rule in righteousness. We ask thy blessing to rest upon the President and members of the Centennial Commission, and upon those associated with them in the various departments, who have labored long and earnestly, amidst anxieties and difficulties, for the success of this enterprise.

May thy special blessing, O thou God of all the nations of the earth, rest upon our national guests, our visitors from distant lands. We welcome them to our shores, and we rejoice in their presence among us, whether they represent thrones, or culture, or research, or whether they come to exhibit the triumphs of genius and art, in the development of industry and in the progress of civilization. Preserve thou them, we beseech thee, in health and safety, and in due time may they be welcomed by loved ones again to their own, their native lands.

Let thy blessing rest richly on this Centennial Celebration. May the lives and health of all interested be precious in thy sight. Preside in its assemblies. Grant that this association in effort may bind more closely together every part of our great Republic, so that our Union may be perpetual and indissoluble. Let its influence draw the nations of earth into a happier unity. Hereafter, we pray thee, may all disputed questions be settled by arbitration, and not by the sword, and may wars forever cease among the sons of men.

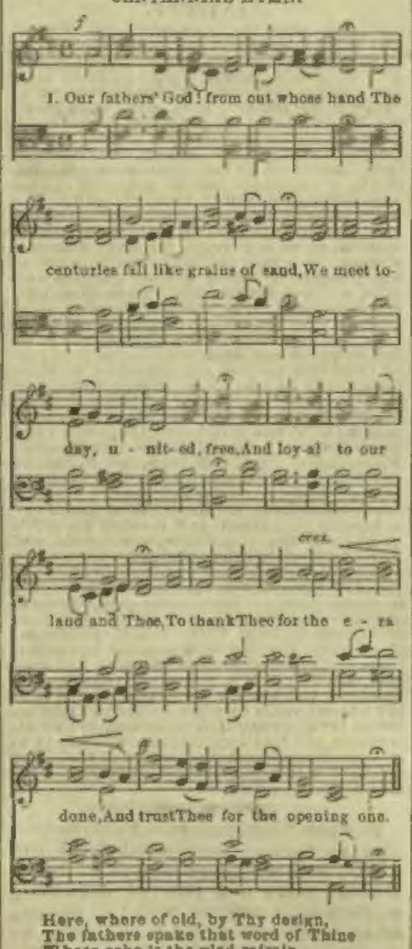
May the new century be better than the past. More radiant with the light of true philosophy, warmer with the emanations of a world-wide sympathy. May capital, genius and labor be freed from all antagonism by the establishment and application of such principles of justice and equity as shall reconcile diversified interests and bind in imperishable bands all parts of society.

We pray thy benediction, especially on the women of America, who for the first time in the history of our race, take so conspicuous a place in a national celebration. May the light of their intelligence, purity and enterprise shed its beams afar, until, in distant lands, their sisters may realize the beauty and glory of Christian freedom and elevation. We beseech thee, Almighty Father, that our beloved Republic may be strengthened in every element of true greatness, until her mission is accomplished by presenting to the world an illustration of the happiness of a free people, with a free church, in a free state, under laws of their own enactment, and under rulers of their own selection, acknowledging supreme allegiance only to the King of kings and Lord of lords. And as thou didst give to one of its illustrious sons first to draw experimentally the electric spark from heaven, which has since girdled the globe in its celestial whispers of "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to men," so to latest time may the mission of America, under divine inspiration, be one of affection, brotherhood and love for all our race. And may the coming centuries be filled with the glory of our Christian civilization.

And unto thee, our Father, through Him whose life is the light of men, will we ascribe glory and praise, now and forever. Amen.

At the close of the prayer, the chorus of one thousand voices, accompanied by the orchestra, rendered with thrilling effect the following hymn, written by John Greenleaf Whittier, and set to music by John K. Paine, of Massachusetts:

CENTENNIAL HYMN.


I. Our fathers' God! from out whose hand The
centuries fall like grains of sand, We meet to-
day, u - nit-ed, free, And loy-al to our
land and Thee, To thank Thee for the e - ra
done, And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.

Oh! make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law,
And, cast in some diviner mold,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

At the close of the hymn the formal transfer of the Centennial Buildings to President Hawley, who received them on behalf of the Commission, was made by Mr. John Welsh, President of the Board of Finance, in the following speech:

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the United States Centennial Commission: In the presence of the Government of the United States, and of the several distinguished bodies by whom we are surrounded, and in behalf of the Centennial Board of Finance, I greet you.

In readiness at the appointed time, I have the honor to announce to you that, under your supervision and in accordance with the plans fixed and established by you, we have erected the buildings belonging to us, and have made all the arrangements devolving on us necessary for the opening of the "International Exhibition." We hereby now formally appropriate them for their intended occupation; and we hold ourselves ready to make all further arrangements that may be needed for carrying into full and complete effect all the requirements of the acts of Congress relating to the Exhibition.

For a like purpose, we also appropriate the buildings belonging to the State of Pennsylvania and the city of Philadelphia, erected by us at their bidding, to wit: Memorial Hall, Machinery Hall and Horticultural Hall. These and other substantial offerings stand as the evidence of their patriotic co-operation. To the United States of America, through Congress, we are indebted for the aid which crowned our success.

In addition to those to which I have just referred, there are other beautiful and convenient edifices, which have been erected by the representatives of foreign nations, by State authority, and by individuals, which are also devoted to the purposes of the Exhibition.

Ladies and gentlemen: If in the past we have met with disappointments, difficulties and trials, they have been overcome by a consciousness that no sacrifice can be too great which is made to honor the memories of those who brought our nation into being. This commemoration of the events of 1776 excites our present gratitude. The assemblage here to-day of so many foreign representatives uniting with us in this reverential tribute is our reward.

We congratulate you on the occurrence of this day. Many of the nations have gathered here in peaceful competition. Each may profit by the association. This Exhibition is but a school; the more thoroughly its lessons are learned, the greater will be the gain, and, when it shall have closed, if by that study the nations engaged in it shall have learned respect for each other, then it may be hoped that veneration for Him who rules on high will become universal, and the angels' song once more be heard:

"Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace, good will towards men."

THE TRUST ACCEPTED.

President Hawley said:

Mr. President of the Centennial Board of Finance: The Centennial Commission accepts the trust with grateful and fraternal acknowledgement of the great services of the Board of Finance.

The Centennial Cantata, written by Sydney Lanier and set to music by Mr. Buck, was next rendered.

THE CENTENNIAL MEDITATION OF COLUMBIA.

From this hundred-terraced hight
Sight more large with nobler light
Ranges down yon towering years!
Humbler smiles and lordlier tears
Shine and fall, shine and fall,
While old voices rise and call
Yonder where the to-and-fro
Weltering of my Long Ago
Moves about the moveless haze
Far below my resting place.

Mayflower, Mayflower, slowly hither flying,
Trembling Westward o'er yon balking sea,
Hearts within Farewell dear England sighing
Winds without but dear in vain replying,
Gray-lipped waves about thee shouted, crying
No! It shall not be!

Jamestown, out of thee—
Plymouth, thee—thee, Albany—
Winter cries, Ye freeze! away!
Fever cries, Ye burn! away!
Hunger cries, Ye starve! away!
Vengeance cries, Your graves shall stay!

Then old Shapes and Masks of Things,
Framed like Faiths or clothed like Kings—
Ghosts of Goods once fleshed and fair,
Grown foul Bads in alien air—
War, and his most noisy lords,
Tongued with lithe and poisoned swords—
Error, Terror, Rage and Crime,
All in a windy night of time
Cried to me from land and sea,
No! Thou shalt not be!

Hark!
Huguenots whispering yea in the dark,
Puritans answering yea in the dark!
Yea, like an arrow shot true to his mark,
Darts through the tyrannous heart of Denial,
Patience and Labor and solemn-souled Trial,
Foiled, still beginning,
Soiled, but not sinning,
Toil through the stertorous death of the Night,
Toil, when wild brother-wars now dark the Light,
Toil, and forgive, and kiss o'er, and replight.

Now Praise to God's oft-granted grace,
Now Praise to Man's undaunted face,
Despite the land, despite the sea,
I was: I am: and I shall be—
How long, Good Angel, oh, how long?
Sing me from Heaven a man's own song!

"Long as thine Art shall love true love,
Long as thy Science truth shall know,
Long as thy Eagle harms no Dove,
Long as thy Law by love shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear Land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!"

Oh, Music, from this hight of time my Word unfold;
In thy large signals all men's hearts Man's Heart behold;
Mid-heaven unroll thy chords as friendly flags unfurled,
And wave the world's best lover's welcome to the world.

GENERAL HAWLEY'S SPEECH.

Then came the presentation of the Exhibition by Jos. R. Hawley, President of the Commission, to the President of the United States, in the following address:

Mr. President: Five years ago the President of the United States declared it fitting that "the completion of the first century of our national existence should be commemorated by an exhibition of the natural resources of the country and their development, and of its progress in those arts which benefit mankind," and ordered that an exhibition of American and foreign arts, products and manufactures should be held, under the auspices of the Government of the United States, in the city of Philadelphia, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-six. To put into effect the several laws relating to the Exhibition, the United States Centennial Commission was constituted, composed of two commissioners from each State and Territory, nominated by their respective Governors, and appointed by the President. The Congress also created our auxiliary and associate corporation, the Centennial Board of Finance, whose unexpectedly heavy burdens have been nobly borne. A remarkable and prolonged disturbance of the finances and industries of the country has greatly magnified the task, but we hope for a favorable judgment of the degree of success attained. July 4, 1873, this ground was dedicated to its present uses. Twenty-one months ago this Memorial Hall was begun. All the other one hundred and eighty buildings within the enclosure have been erected within twelve months. All the buildings embraced in the plans of the commission itself are finished. The demands of applicants exceeded the space, and strenuous and continuous efforts have been made to get every exhibit ready in time.

By general consent the Exhibition is appropriately held in the City of Brotherly Love. Yonder, almost within your view, stand the venerated edifice wherein occurred the event this work is designed to commemorate, and the hall in which the first Continental Congress assembled. Within the present limits of this great Park were the homes of eminent patriots of that era, where Washington and his associates received generous hospitality and able counsel. You have observed the surpassing beauty of the situation placed at our disposal. In harmony with all this fitness is the liberal support given the enterprise by the State, the city and the people individually.

In the name of the United States you extended a respectful and cordial invitation to the governments of other nations to be represented and to participate in this Exhibition. You know the very acceptable terms in which they responded, from even the most distant regions. Their commissioners are here, and you will soon see with what energy and brilliancy they have entered upon this friendly competition in the arts of peace.

It has been the fervent hope of the commission that during this festival year, the people from all States and sections, of all creeds and churches, all parties and classes, burying all resentments, would come up together to this birthplace of our liberties to study the evidence of our resources; to measure the progress of an hundred years, and to examine to our profit the wonderful products of other lands; but especially to join hands in perfect fraternity and promise the God of our fathers that the new century shall surpass the old in the true glories of civilization. And furthermore, that from the association here of welcome visitors from all nations there may result not alone great benefits to invention, manufactures, agriculture, trade and commerce, but also stronger international friendships and more lasting peace.

Thus reporting to you, Mr. President, under the laws of the government and the usage of similar occasions, in the name of the United States Centennial Commission I present to your view the International Exhibition of 1876.

Next the following speech of the President of the United States was delivered:

MY COUNTRYMEN: It has been thought appropriate, upon this Centennial occasion, to bring together in Philadelphia, for popular inspection, specimens of our attainments in the industrial and fine arts, and in literature, science and philosophy, as well as in the great business of agriculture and of commerce.

That we may the more thoroughly appreciate the excellencies and deficiencies of our achievements, and also give emphatic expression to our earnest desire to cultivate the friendship of our fellow-members of this great family of nations, the enlightened agricultural, commercial and manufacturing people of the world have been invited to send hither corresponding specimens of their skill to exhibit on equal terms in friendly competition with our own. To this invitation they have generously responded; for so doing we render them our hearty thanks.

The beauty and utility of the contributions will this day be submitted to your inspection by the managers of this Exhibition. We are glad to know that a view of specimens of skill of all nations will afford to you unalloyed pleasure, as well as yield to you a valuable practical knowledge of so many of the remarkable results of the wonderful skill existing in enlightened communities.

One hundred years ago our country was new and but partially settled. Our necessities have compelled us to chiefly expend our means and time in felling forests, subduing prairies, building dwellings, factories, ships, docks, warehouses, roads, canals, machinery, etc., etc. Most of our schools, churches, libraries and asylums have been established within an hundred years. Hurthened by these great primal works of necessity, which could not be delayed, we yet have done what this Exhibition will show in the direction of rivaling older and more advanced nations in law, medicine and theology, in science, literature, philosophy and the fine arts. Whilst proud of what we have done, we regret that we have not done more. Our achievements have been great enough, however, to make it easy for our people to acknowledge superior merit wherever found.

And now, fellow-citizens, I hope a careful examination of what is about to be exhibited to you will not only inspire you with a profound respect for the skill and taste of our friends from other nations, but also satisfy you with the attainments made by our own people during the past one hundred years. I invoke your generous co-operation with the worthy commissioners to secure a brilliant success to this International Exhibition, and to make the stay of our foreign visitors—to whom we extend a hearty welcome—both profitable and pleasant to them.

I declare the International Exhibition now open.

At the conclusion of this speech, amid the most enthusiastic cheering, the national colors were unfurled from each of the buildings, and the instrumental and vocal performers joined in the grand Hallelujah Chorus, while the foreign commissioners passed to the Main Building and took their respective stations. The President, with the Empress of Brazil, and the Emperor of Brazil, who escorted Mrs. Grant, then headed the long procession of distinguished invited guests, and passed first through the Main Building, and afterwards through Machinery Hall.

Here the President and the Emperor assisted by George H. Corliss, started the mammoth engine, and life entered the vast mechanism. This concluded the formal opening ceremonies, and the crowds, now numbering more than a quarter of a million people, dispersed themselves through the ample grounds, to make their first general survey.

AUNT PATTY'S CENTENARY PAPERS.

Arter havin' ben so long out of date, it sort of refreshin' to cum inter fashin agin. Fer years and years Aunt Patty has railly seemed to be kind of in the way of the risin' gineration; but now they don't seem able to git on at all without her. It's "Aunt Patty, did they du this and did they du that in '76; and du tell if sich and sich is as it orter be fer this and that goins on?" Mallie cum ter me this mornin', ('twixt you and I, her name's Malviny—Mandy Malviny—the handsome gal Lord Mortimer courted, ye riecollect. Malviny was named arter her great aunt. I knowed her well, and a right good lookin' gal she was, tu, and as up and a cumin' as you often seed 'em in them days.) Wal, as I was a sayin', she cum tu me, and sez she, "There's tu be a Marthy Washington tea party, and I'm tu represent one of them 'ere Curtisses, ye know, and Aunt Patty, you must tell me what tu wear and how tu wear it."

"Humph!" says I, and I larfed a leetle. "Mebby I don't know nothin' 'bout Marthy Washington. I never seed her but oncet in my born days, and then she sot into a kerridge that druv straight by me."

But I told the gal all I knowed of how folks dressed in them days. And then, "Aunt Patty," says she, "du you think 'twill rain?"

"Sartin," said I. "It did when I was a gal, 'thout fail. Oncet I remember, I went tu Square Ashley's, tu a quiltin' frolict, and got ketched intu the orfliest storm on my way hum. I had on my only kaliker gownd. 'Twas gored more'n you ever seed one, and the waist warn't an inch long under the arms; and that gownd cost a dollar a yard.

"Wal, we had a pleasant time enough afore the shower. The quilt was in the best room, and you could see the water a ways off, fer the Square's house was in a 'mazin' large clearin'. They called the quilt the nine beauties, and I tuk the last stitch in it, while a little breeze blew through the crimson-berrted roses intu the south winder. And then they shuk the thing over my head. It was a sign that I was tu be married fust, and Captain Naters did ask me tu name the day that very night, while we danced on the grass tu one side of the house. I was as purty a gal as any on 'em; as white as a meader lilly and very delikit to look at, ef I du say it, and—but la, child, I ain't goin' tu paint sich a pictur fer you tu hang up aside of my wrinkled visidge. You jest take off that slimpsy consarn and put on yer tea party rig, and let my old eyes see a gal dressed in sensible way oncet more."

And then Malviny went out, and I sot reflectin' till I happened to tech the double ruffle on my cap, and then I congratulated myself that it no longer mortiged nobody, and I can tell ye, a happy creetur was

Yer most obejent sarvent,
AUNT PATTY.

A MAN'S conduct is only a picture-book of his creed. He acts after what he believes.

EXPECTING TOO MUCH.

"One mistake people make is in expecting too much. We are living in an age whose standards have been set high. There have been certain phrases such as "Shoot your arrow at the sun, and you will hit a star," and such nonsense, going about for several generations past, until there is a feverish, unwholesome and thoroughly unhealthy ambition sown broadcast in the American mind."

So says a Boston paper as an introduction to an article deprecating the prevalent desire to make a great show in the world, and the extravagant style of living which contrasts with the plainer days of the good old times, etc., etc.

And this from Boston! where not to aim high, is never to shoot, or not to have the arrow recognized. Has the Centennial fever broken out there so strongly that silk must give place to calico, broadcloth to tow-cloth, and dinners at Parker's to mush and milk? Or is the Hub alarmed at the frightful velocity with which the outer rim of the social wheel is revolving in its attempts to move forward on the same plane with the Hub?

"Such nonsense," forsooth! Shall we aim at the ground that the arrow may glance upward to the sky? Come, Mr. Boston philosopher, just how much ought a man to expect? Considering the immense discount which great expectations are subject to in the market, and time, and circumstances, what balance will a man realize who goes into any venture on the narrow margin of expecting little?

Apply this small expectation theory to marrying, for example. Who would dare enter the great unknown future of matrimony, did not the visual lens of the soul dilate and gather enchanting visions from the fields of imagination? Don't retort by pointing to the Chicago divorce lists; as well argue against venturing on the Atlantic because there have been shipwrecks.

Half the charm of life is in expecting. "Hope springs eternal, etc.," and if she springs higher than Boston moderation allows, so much the better—it shows her native elasticity. It will be time enough for her to slowly make decorous steps upward when rheumatic old age forbids the vigor requisite to attempt to follow where she leads.

"*All things are yours*" is the true watchword; expect them all, and let endeavor keep pace with expectation.

THE VIRGINIA MOUNTAINEER IN THE REVOLUTION.

The Virginia mountaineer of the eighteenth century was one of the most picturesque and notable figures of the epoch. He or his father had turned his back on the tide-water settlements and resolutely set out to penetrate that "debatable land" and "bloody ground," the region west of the Blue Ridge, intent, like Cooper's Leatherstocking, on securing "more elbow-room." The mountaineer was tall, stalwart, sparing of speech, entirely fearless, inured to hardship, of the race that extends civilization in new lands, preparing the way for others to enjoy what he wins from the wilderness and the savage. His sole possessions often were a rifle and an axe. With the axe he felled trees and built his rude cabin in some gash of the Alleghanies on the farthest outpost of civilization. With his rifle he provided venison and bear meat, or defended wife and children from massacre by the savages.

The story of these bloody combats, as we read it in the old provincial history by Samuel Kercheval, is rich in romance, tragedy and exhibitions of the coolest courage. The mountaineer did not know the meaning of the word fear, and every thing about him was in accord with his surroundings. He was liberal, open-hearted—as guileless and unsuspecting, indeed, as a child—but tougher manhood never dwelt in human breast. The fibre of his character easily stood any strain upon it, and he endured patiently and cheerfully all hardships. It was to this class of men that Washington looked, not to Braddock's "regulars," on the march to Fort Duquesne and in the bloody engagement there, as in all the long and arduous years of border war; and they formed the *corps d'elite* of the little Virginia army under General Andrew Lewis, which broke the power of the savage tribes in 1774, at the battle of Point Pleasant, on the Ohio.

When the Revolution began, they appeared as "Morgan's Riflemen" in front of Boston, clad in fringed hunting-shirts, belts of wampum, and moccasins, with "Liberty or Death" on their breasts, every man grasping his long rifle; and they fought throughout the war with unfaltering courage and endurance, from Quebec to the Cowpens. — [Harper's Magazine for June.]

THE GO-BETWEEN.—There is, perhaps, not a more odious character in the world than that of a go-between—by which we mean one who carries to the ears of one neighbor every injurious observation that happens to drop from another. Such a person is the slanderer's herald, and is altogether more odious than the slanderer himself. By his vile officiousness he makes that poison effective which else were inert; for three-fourths of the slanders in the world would never injure their object, except by the malice of go-betweens, who, under the mask of double friendship, act the part of double traitors.

RECREATION does not mean idleness, and it may mean labor. A wise man will so arrange his labors that each succeeding one shall be so totally different from the last that it shall serve as a recreation for it. Physical exertion may follow mental, and then give place to it again. A man equally wise in all other hygienic measures, who could nicely adjust the labors of mind and body in their true proportions, might hope to attain old age with all his mental faculties fresh and vigorous to the last.

THE body is the tool of the spirit, and, if we keep it in imperfect condition, how shall either soul or intellect do good work with it? Happiness and usefulness are not indeed impossible without physical health; but they are of very different attainment, and of very unreliable quality.

IN a quarrel it is always the well-bred who is the first to give way.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

AT the Kansas State Building a large State seal, 9 feet in diameter, is placed over the southern entrance, with a map of the State, 25 by 12 feet, suspended beneath.

SAWYER'S Improved Observatory, in Fairmount Park, is not only running during the day, but also during these beautiful moonlight nights, when the view of Philadelphia by gaslight is grand.

MUCH interest has been manifested by the public in regard to the Japanese Building, near George's Hill. Several days ago a placard was placed at the entrance briefly stating "No Admittance." This has been replaced by another, saying, "This is the private residence of the Japanese. Please keep out."

IN the United States Building the Springfield Rifle Company has commenced the manufacture of half a million half-inch cartridges. All the machinery runs as smooth as a die, and the lithe, facile fingers of female employees are mostly employed in venting, cupping, charging, and beading the shiny little cylinders.

RESTAURANT prices on the Centennial Grounds are being looked into by the Commission. Restaurateurs are under contract to charge reasonable prices, and the Commissioners propose to hold them to their agreement. The people will applaud any move which looks to thwarting the attempt to impose upon visitors.

THE following is the official list of visitors who paid the first three days to enter the grounds at the various turnstiles:

	No. of pay admissions.	Receipts.
May 10	76,216	$38,108 00
May 11	14,712	7,356 50
May 12	10,242	5,121 00

ONE of the latest exhibits in Horticultural Hall is a centennial palm, the botanical name of which is Cycas Revoluta. It is about a foot in diameter and stands nearly six feet high, bearing upon its top a tuft of long, finely-ribbed leaves. It was the property of Robert Morris before and during the Revolutionary war, when it was on exhibition on Lemon Hill. It is now the property of J. Hoffner, of Cincinnati, by whom it was presented.

IN the extreme southwestern section of the Horticultural grounds, and west of the German Building, E. DeBergue is erecting an ornamental pavilion of iron and glass, in which are to be exhibited the perfumes manufactured by Violet, of Paris. The outer walls will be of porcelain, and the roof will be of ground glass, with a lining of stained glass. The interior will be furnished to represent a boudoir. The sides will be filled in with panels of silk, and the floor will be laid in mosaic.

IN accordance with the rule followed throughout the building the French coat-of-arms is displayed on most of the French show-cases. Beautiful, life-size plaster models of such scenes as that of the adoration of the Infant Saviour by the shepherds in the cave at Bethlehem, and plaster work of all kinds admirably executed are pleasingly conspicuous. The country leads with a display of silks, satins, and women's dress of these and other rich materials that will magnetize the most careless observer. There is some furniture of the finest marble and elegantly carved wood of great value. One piece, a hearth of variegated marble, is said to be worth upward of $50,000.

THE resident correspondent of the *Tribune* takes quite a felicitous quotation when he describes the starting of the machinery on the opening day. He says: "As the countless wheels turned the bands started on their rounds, cogs fitted into their places, pistons drove back and forward and up and down, performing their infinitely varied functions, and all at the single touch of these two men. The spectators could not fail to be reminded of the famous kiss by the fairy prince to the century-asleep princess, in Tennyson's "Day Dream:"

A touch, a kiss, the charm was snapt,
The palace banged, and buzzed, and clacked,
And all the long-pent stream of life
Dashed downward in a cataract.

AUSTRIA but partially encloses her space, and that with a triple arch filled with Tyrolean stained glass, upon which are the coat-of-arms of the provinces and the likenesses of Andreas Hofer, the patriot who led his Tyrolean countrymen against the first Napoleon, and Rudolph IV, of the House of Hapsburg, first Emperor of Austria. The display, which is now fully completed, is noted chiefly for Bohemian glassware, a gallery of paintings of the present and former royal families of Austria, and of scenes relating to the life of Christ; jewelry and musical instruments, wooden pipes and canes, rich specimens of the furniture in the palaces of royalty and nobility, fine linen in every manufactured form, drugs and medicines, and wax candles arranged in great pyramids.

THE chief attraction of the Italian exhibits in the Main Building is the show-cases and articles for display alone. The structure enclosing the section is unpretentious but neat, cabinets of carved walnut or rosewood, inlaid with ebony, ivory, mother-of-pearl and even valuable stones; a model of the Cathedral at Milan; one side of it sparkling in the rays of the rising sun, the effect being caused by an inlaying of mother-of-pearl; statues and statuettes of marble, some of them the works of masters, others copied; bronze statuary and other works of art, and a striking display of Italian jewelry are among the principal other features. In cabinetware Italy and Egypt excell all others in the building. A number of copies of chairs and other furniture used in St. Peter's, at Rome, are particularly interesting.

ONE of the largest structures yet erected for Centennial purposes, is that of the encampment at Elm station, on the Pennsylvania railroad, about three miles from the Exhibition grounds. It is said to be one of the most complete summer hotels in the world, containing over 1,200 rooms, and capable of entertaining from 3,000 to 4,000 persons. It is specially designed for the accommodation of members of the order of Patrons of Husbandry, Agricultural Societies, Farmers' Clubs, Sovereigns of Industry, Temperance Organizations, and kindred societies, with their friends, who purpose visiting the great Centennial Exposition, individually or in bodies. The buildings are 496 feet in length by 450 feet in depth, situated on a good elevation, ten minutes' ride from the entrance of the Exposition Grounds, affording a healthy location, pleasant promenades, romantic and picturesque scenery. No liquors are allowed on the place, and the price of board is exceedingly moderate. This is a praiseworthy enterprise and shows what may be done when co-operation is practically exemplified.

LIKE the sections of the United States, Great Britain, France, India and Japan, the German area is not enclosed by a pavilion or any other structure. The effect of the display is, however, heightened rather than diminished thereby, for it would not be well to shut in such striking architectural specimens as are these show-cases. The arrangement of a lot of elephants' tusks, so as to resemble a growth of crocuses, is a fair instance of the ingenuity and taste manifested throughout the section. The little folks will be tempted to dance from covetousness when they wander among the miniature palaces, groaning with their weight of tempting toys. Among these "Berlin jewelry" is plentiful and conspicuous. The tiers laden with gaudily-labeled, long-necked bottles—not empty, either—will make the mouths of older folks water. The leading display is that of ornamental metallic work, statues, statuettes and busts of gods, goddesses, heroes, fairies and great men of the Teuton race. Jewelry and relics of centuries long gone by are also prominent features.

THE Women's Pavilion, erected at an expense of $30,000, the voluntary contributions of the women of the United States, is devoted entirely to the exhibit of women's work, and is in charge of alternate committees of women selected from the various wards of the city of Philadelphia. The art department is very attractive, and needs only Miss Hosmer's group of statuary (which was expected to arrive about the 1st instant) to make it complete. The Cooper Union, of New York, and the Massachusetts Art School are represented here by a number of crayon and pencil drawings, in which the portraits are especially noticeable. In the industrial department are various looms, etc., worked by ladies; bird-cages, stuffed birds, artificial flowers and fancy work in straw, etc. In the department of laces and needlework is specially noticeable a "Battle of Lansside," in needlework, contributed by a lady in Louisville, Ky. There are no less than a million stitches in this work, which took fifteen years to complete. There is also a fine banner, contributed by the ladies of New York. In the foreign department the English ladies of the Kensington Art School have sent over specimens of their work, which take up a large portion of the whole space. Canada is principally represented by a number of models of the convents, schools and other religious houses belonging to the nuns in Montreal and its vicinity, all the handiwork of these ladies themselves, and the ladies of Brazil have contributed a lot of fancy work, such as embroidered cushions, artificial flowers, etc. Although this building is exclusively devoted to women, it is not to be supposed that their work is represented here only, for some of the finest things in the Main Building and elsewhere have been made by them.

ORIGINAL FABLES.

BY MRS. PROSSER.

A CROW'S WINGS FOR A CROW'S FLIGHT.

"By-bye, mother; I am off," said the young tortoise to the greatly astonished old one, who was sunning herself under a lavender hedge in the kitchen garden.

"Off!—where? What do you mean?" she asked.

"Off to yonder upland pastures that shine in gold and green. Don't you see them? I am told there is the most delicious food there in wonderful abundance and variety; roots of all kinds and slugs innumerable! and, to be candid, it's very well for old folks like you, mother but I am tired and bored to death with this dismal old garden, with its long gravel walks and box borders. I want to better myself."

"Go to those pastures, child!" cried the old tortoise, amazed beyond measure. "Why, your life would not last out such a journey. Besides, remember the difficulties, as well as the length of the way; there are walls and hedges to get over, steep hills to climb, and deep valleys to cross between this place and that."

"Oh, yes!" answered the young one, flippantly; "I have taken all that into consideration. It is a good distance to travel, and no doubt I shall meet with difficulties and disagreeables; but never fear for me; the old crow who was telling me about it says she makes nothing of going there three or four times in the day."

"The *old crow!*" cried his mother, with a sniggering laugh. "Good now, child; just look at your feet and your figure, and the shell you have to carry. When you have a crow's feathers and wings, you may measure distance and difficulties by the rule, 'As the crow flies,' but till then remember you are but a tortoise!"

DINNER OVER AND THE GUESTS GONE.

"Dick," said a field mouse to a sparrow, "just look at those bushes; only a day or two back, and they were covered with you and your friends; from morning till night I could hear you all chirping and chattering while I sat in my hole in the opposite bank. To-day it is quite bare and quite forsaken. Why is it?"

"Why?" repeated Dick; "can't you understand why? The thing speaks for itself. All the hips and haws are gone; you see that it is 'bare.' Can you ask, then, why it is forsaken?"

AN OUNCE OF HELP WORTH A POUND OF PITY.

There was a great rush to the trap, in which sat a disconsolate mouse looking in blank dismay at the company of cousins clamoring outside.

"How could you be so foolish?" squeaked one.

"It goes to my very heart to see you, dear," squeaked another; while cries of "I wonder you were not more careful!" "What a thousand pities you should have fallen a sacrifice to your taste for cheese!" "How glad I should be to see you out of your trouble!" etc., etc., rose in a chorus from the rest.

"There, if you can't do better than sit there squeaking, be so good as to go," cried the prisoner, indignantly; "if you would set to work to gnaw the wires, so as to set me free, I would call you friends, and believe in your sympathy; but your 'noise and doing nothing' is worse than useless. Your wisdom, which is aggravating, comes too late, and your pity is as contemptible to me as it is cheap to you!"

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

"I wouldn't be you—no, that I wouldn't!" murmured all the little flowers on the bank, to the nettle.

"Why not, pray?" demanded the nettle.

"Oh, such a character—such a shocking character! you can't be touched by the very gentlest touch of the tenderest hand without pricking and stinging and poisoning it! Fie, fie, fie!"

"Ah, that's the way people's tempers are misunderstood," said the nettle; "I do certainly prick, sting, and poison those who trifle with and tease me, but let me be seized with a bold and honest grasp, and I am as harmless as the weakest of you."

NO KINDNESS IN RAISING FALSE HOPES.

"I thought I would just give you a little cheer," said a fine sunny day that broke in on a gloomy December; "it's quite pleasant to see how bright I have made you all; the hedges are thinking of budding, and the birds are fancying that building time is at hand. You ought to feel very grateful."

"Far from it," all with one voice replied; "you come to fill us with false hopes, and to raise a joy that to-morrow will most likely destroy. This is not kindness. Come constantly, and we will bless you; come in this fickle way and you will leave us mourning over disappointment, and enervated by your capricious geniality, so that when our hardships come they will seem to us a thousand times harder than we now feel them to be."

MUCH WANTS MORE.

A mighty river having gathered many streams into its volume, flowed into the sea. "Now," said the rocks, "thou wilt surely be satisfied!" But that evening the waves came beating on the shore, and moaning as if in the very misery of want.

Then came a torrent from the mountains that had newly burst its rocky barriers, and rushing headlong down met the waves, and for a moment increased their force. "Now thou art satisfied; thou art full, and needest no more," cried the rocks.

But the evening tide came again, and the waves sighed and moaned wearily as ever.

"Alas!" cried the rocks, "it is even so; if all the waters of the earth were poured into thee, thou wouldst never be satisfied."

"Never be satisfied!" echo murmured from their caverns.

PECCAVI.

BY ALICE HAMILTON.

When darkness and shadow
Hang over the heart,
The darkness grows lighter,
The clouds break apart,
When the heart in its trouble
Peccavi! doth say—
There is hope for the hopeless,
New life and new day.

Peccavi! our Father
No'er fails to receive
The cry of the troubled,
Who turn and believe,
And ever is ready
To help and to bless,
The heart that in sinning,
Is brought to distress.

Peccavi! if angels
Rejoice at the word—
Let mortals be glad,
When the message is heard,
And true hearts be ready
To succor and bless,
The soul that is needy
Of love's tenderness.

Peccavi! ah! who
But re-echoes the strain?
Let those cast a stone
Who have never a stain—
From the sins of the past,
Let our future be free,
Giving to others
Sincere charity.

A SAILOR'S FORTUNE.

A Romance of the Land and the Ocean.

By FRED HUNTER.

CHAPTER X.

A NEW PHASE IN OUR PLOT.

Three days after this interview, Martini might have been seen alone in his private room in the city of Paris—at evening—with a pile of letters before him. Through his management the entire correspondence between Flora Delmont and Madame Denoir had been turned from its intended destination, and he had possessed himself of all that had passed between them—or which should have done so—from the day that madame left Toulon!

He read the heartburnings and the disappointments which had been occasioned to both from the fact that neither had heard from the other, from the day they separated—he learned some secrets which he was desirous to be convinced of, through the same sources—and he also ascertained how much he was himself esteemed by these two ladies! But all this moved him not a jot. He had determined upon his course, and he felt certain that the reins were in his own hands. Possibly Martini was mistaken. On the evening mentioned there was a letter reached him addressed to Madame Denoir, the superscription of which attracted his especial notice, for he suspected the handwriting. He glanced at it, turned to the seal, and securing the door of his apartment, broke open the envelope, and with astonishment read as follows:

Hospital, London, ——, 18—.

MY DEAR MADAME DENOIR:—What I have suffered, since I was induced to leave my native land, I cannot describe to you. Sickness, toil, shipwreck—everything but starvation, has been the lot of him whom you once so kindly cared for, and who would never have thus ventured forth into the world, but at your solicitation. Bearing in mind your kindness, however, I had labored so to comport myself that you might hear a good account of your humble protege, but a succession of misfortunes followed me, and I am now penniless, in a London hospital—though well-nigh recovered from the effects of the wounds which brought me here.

I have ventured to address you, therefore, to ask your advice as to my future course, and to assure you, at the same time, of my continued regard for one who has done so much for me, in times past. I left Havre in the vessel selected by your friend—*our* friend I should say—Monsieur Martini, the notary; on our homeward passage we were wrecked. I obtained a berth subsequently in Lisbon; a mutiny occurred on board, in which, while aiding to defend the officers, I was severely wounded, and arriving in London was placed in this hospital, where I am still an invalid.

I would return to France, madame—at least temporarily. I would return in order that I may have the opportunity to thank you, in person, for your goodness to me, and I would very gladly meet you again, after our unhappy separation. My inclinations are unaltered, and, under your advice, I should continue to follow the sea as a business in the future. But I am without means, in a strange land, in ill condition, at present, to buffet the hardships of such a life, and I throw myself upon your lenity in my painful extremity.

May I not add that it would afford me unqualified pleasure, also, to meet with Ma'amoiselle Flora again? Her image has been present with me constantly in my journeyings, and I have looked forward with a joyous anticipation to the hour when I should, haply, see her again. I will not trouble you with a longer letter on this occasion, but will simply express the hope that you will find it agreeable and convenient to reply to this at your early leisure.

In the meantime I would ask that you present my regards to her, as well as to monsieur, the notary; and accept, for yourself, my warmest good feeling.

I remain, truly,
Your friend and servant,
ELMIR FONBLANC.

Martini read this letter, over and over again! It was the first authentic account he had received from the boy, since he villanously caused him to leave France! Fortunate, indeed, was it that the letter had fallen into *his* hands, instead of reaching madame, as it should have done. But he had been known in Paris as her attorney and adviser for years, and he found it no difficult matter to intercept this, as he had other letters. He placed this important document carefully in his breast-pocket, and soon after left his office again.

Madame Denoir got to be very anxious during the ten days which elapsed between her singularly contrived interview with Monsieur Lemoine; and her leisure during that period was occupied in reflection upon her position, the chances in store for her, and addressing a letter a letter or two to her protege, Flora Delmont. She could ascertain nothing new or satisfactory further in regard to Elmir—and her anxiety to meet the insignificant looking attorney had become serious—when the day for his coming at last arrived.

Monsieur Lemoine was prompt to his engagement. At early evening, on the tenth day after she met him, a cab halted at her hotel door, and the deformed attorney presented his card, and quickly followed that to the lady's parlor. Without ceremony he entered, and commenced his business at once.

"I have looked over the subject matter you were kind enough to entrust me with, madame," he said, in his squeaking tone of voice, "and since I had the honor of serving you, I have communicated with monsieur, le notary."

"With what success did you meet?" queried madame, eagerly; "and what can I hope for?"

"I find the case an exceedingly complicated affair, madame," said Lemoine, shrewdly, "and Martini is in possession of information, I found, that bears unfavorably against you."

"Has he turned traitor, as well as knave?" demanded madame, severely, but proudly.

"I cannot answer that, madame, but I have ascertained that he is in possession, actually, of the codicil you have described, and thus has the ability to deprive you of a very large proportion of your supposed property—whenever it pleases him to register the instrument."

"May it not be a forgery, monsieur?" exclaimed the madame, in the faint hope that even such a defence might be set up in regard to the document in question.

SOME PHASES OF THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

"That were but a frail supposition, madame, and would be exceedingly difficult of proof, you perceive. No; I do not imagine monsieur is so shallow as that; the codicil is undoubtedly genuine."

"And what follows, monsieur—supposing that the notary sets up this claim?"

"The result is very plain. An unconditional reversal of the bulk of the estate, real and personal, to the heir therein named, and a well-founded claim upon your remaining portion, for the amounts appropriated by you, since you came into possession, over and above what actually belongs to you!"

"What, monsieur!" said the lady, alarmed at this information.

"I am serious, madame. Such is clearly the present position of this business, which I have examined, critically, with a view to your possible benefit and your real interests."

"Then am I ruined, monsieur!"

"I confess to you that the prospect is exceedingly dubious, madame. The claim of the notary in favor of the heir for the income upon that portion of this large estate which monsieur alleges you have squandered—"

"How, monsieur?"

"I only repeat *his* words, madame. He asserts that this amount is such that to liquidate it your whole interest will scarcely be sufficient."

"And he would rob and ruin me?"

"I think not, madame."

"Such is his plan—such would be the result of his course."

"So it would be, madame, provided he carried out so inconsiderate a scheme as you suspect him weak enough to perform."

"What else can be done?"

"There is an alternative, I learn, madame."

"Name it, monsieur, I pray you."

"It is simple—but—"

"Stop!" cried the lady, quickly; "I know what you will add. The scoundrel demands my hand!"

"You are right, madame."

"And this is his proposed compromise?"

"You are right again, madame," said the attorney, in the coolest possible manner.

"Then he may produce his codicil, take the property, beggar me—if he will—I will never listen for a moment to his protestations."

"He loves you, I think, madame."

"*Love!* Martini capable of loving! Ah, monsieur, you do not know the notary so well as I do—I fancy."

"Perhaps I do," responded the attorney, confidently.

"Be it so, then. I swear to you I will part with life, property, anything—everything—but I will *not* wed him."

"You may relent, madame."

"Never—monsieur!"

"If such be your determinate resolve," continued the attorney, rising, "I am at a loss just now to give you further advice. I will turn the matter over in my mind, however, and within a day or two will communicate with you, if you desire it again. In the meantime something *may* turn up for your advantage."

"I shall be happy to see you, monsieur, but shall leave Havre in a very few days. If you find it convenient to wait upon me, say within three days—should you deem it worth your while—you will find me here."

"I shall undoubtedly call," replied monsieur—and the door closed immediately upon his exit.

Madame Denoir was perplexed. She suspected that the attorney had been influenced by the notary in some way; and she reflected long and deeply upon the circumstances which had transpired within the past fortnight.

CHAPTER XI.

A LETTER FROM AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

As madame sat in earnest thought, deeply distressed with the prospect before her (for, although she felt aware that the property she enjoyed would but pass into the possession of young Elmir and Flora, yet she knew of and feared the guardianship to which it was entrusted), her reverie was interrupted by a rap at her parlor door.

"Come in!" she said, at once.

The servant entered, bearing upon a small salver a letter addressed to madame. She glanced at the superscription, turned the missive over, and observing that the seal was broken demanded:

"Whence comes this?"

"Is it not for madame?"

"Yes—yes. Where did you get it?"

"In the hall, outside the door, madame. I was passing and picked it up near the head of the staircase. I noticed that the seal was broken, and I supposed, from the address, that you might have dropped it."

"You may retire," said madame—and turning to the signature her joy may be imagined when she read the name of Elmir Fonblanc! She turned to the date, however, and read, "Hospital, London," and her emotions were instantly changed to those of astonishment, sorrow, and pain. But she read the letter through—every syllable—that letter which brought her such gladdening and yet such sorrowful news from him in whom she felt so deep an interest! And she learned now, for the first time, much that she had never conceived of before.

From this epistle she learned that Elmir had left Paris at her suggestion, and she instantly traced this deceit to Martini. She re-read the letter and saw how the poor boy had been duped, and she charged it to the same agency. She dwelt upon his sufferings, the hardships and privations he had been subjected to so maliciously and so villainously, through the deceit and cunning of the notary, and her heart sank within her, as she reflected upon that wretch's duplicity.

Elmir Fonblanc, the youth for whom she had cherished the brightest hopes, was now a suffering invalid in the London hospital! This fact stared her in the face, and she resolved to depart instanter to his relief. She would not delay an hour. With her own eyes she would behold him—with her own hands bear to him the aid he needed.

But this letter—whence came it? This was a mystery, indeed! Into whose hands had it fallen? Who had dared to break the seal? Might it not be a forgery? She suspected this—she believed that it might be a part of the foul scheme of Martini to crush her—and she turned again to the superscription. It was duly postmarked "London," and was addressed to her at Paris. How came the letter in Havre—at the very door of her lodging-room! No one had visited her there except Lemoine, the attorney. Could he have dropped it? How came he in possession of it? A most inexplicable mystery enveloped this singular affair, and the lady's queries and suspicions, as yet, were all unanswered—in her own mind.

In spite of the importance which seemed to attach to her immediate response to this letter, she felt an uncontrolable desire to speak with Lemoine before she departed for London. He had appointed to confer with her again within three days. She could not endure such a delay under the circumstances, and so she determined to send for him in the morning, inform him of the singular discovery she had made, and consult with him regarding the future.

She wrote him a brief note next day, informing him in a few words of the finding of the letter, and stating to him her resolve to visit London immediately. Her messenger returned with the reply that monsieur would call upon her during the day. Noon passed away—evening set in—but Lemoine did not come. This was strange, thought madame, but she tarried and still looked for the attorney, but without success; he did not make his appearance.

Meantime, the steamer had left Havre for England, and in due time arrived in the Thames. A stranger from Paris repaired from this vessel in hot haste and inquired his way directly to the London hospital. Upon reaching that institution he made himself known to the directors, and asked for one Elmir Fonblanc, who had been conveyed thither some time previously from a mutinous vessel. He was quickly introduced and the boy soon had the satisfaction of grasping the hand of his old *friend*—Martini, the notary.

The cunning villain informed Elmir that he came, post haste, direct from his old benefactor, Madame Denoir, who had received his letter, but who was too ill to reply to it, and too deeply embarrassed to offer him much aid; she had empowered him, however, to see Elmir and supply such present help as he needed, and he came to know the details of his position, and aid him, if it were in his power.

The boy was overjoyed to meet monsieur, and did not hesitate to express his sorrow at the unfortunate position in which monsieur had left madame. He inquired, then, for Flora Delmont, and learned from the notary that the beautiful girl he had so fondly remembered had retired to a convent when the pecuniary trouble of Madame Denoir had been exposed to her. At least, so monsieur had heard, though he seemed to know but little about the fact, and to care less.

All this was most unwelcome intelligence to the poor youth, who had suffered much, in body and mind, since he left the two friends spoken of. But Martini observed his emotion, and gave him no time for reflection.

"I am glad to note," said he, shrewdly, "that your condition is much more favorable than I had been led to believe. You are quite well, Elmir—eh?"

"No, monsieur, not entirely well; but still I am gaining rapidly, and shall soon recover, I trust."

"Well, you need not remain here any longer."

"Thank you, monsieur. If it be your wish, I shall gladly exchange my quarters here for a less public location, and I think I shall improve proportionately, if I could leave."

"It is madame's wish, Elmir, that you be removed from the hospital at once, and in accordance with her suggestions, I have prepared quarters for you at the house of an old friend of mine, near the Thames, where you will get better air, and who will attend to your wants, carefully and kindly, until you shall be ready to resume your profession again."

This last hint rather grated upon Elmir's ears, for he had become somewhat prejudiced against a seafaring life, and had hoped that he might be able to quit it, after the hazards and ill luck he had thus far met with. But it was not to be. He could not oppose the wishes of Madame Denoir, and he submitted with the best grace he could assume.

Within another hour a permit for his discharge had been obtained, and, in company with the notary, he left the hospital for his new lodgings, at a distance, upon the banks of the Thames.

Madame waited at her hotel in vain for the coming of Monsieur Lemoine, and on the morning of the second day after she wrote him she took steamer and left abruptly for London. She arrived in due course of time, and applied to the authorities for permission to visit the hospital. Considerable delay was occasioned, but at last her carriage stood before the entrance. She was shown into the premises, and encountered a burly man in a heavy bob-wig and very tight knee-breeches, who was superintendent of the institution.

"You have a patient under your care I—"

"Yes, mum," returned the old fellow, gruffly, "we've a good many patients under our care."

"I was about to say that you have a patient by the name of Fonblanc whom I wished to see," responded the lady, not a little surprised at the rudeness of the man in authority.

"Ah, Fonblanc, Fonblanc," repeated the burly functionary, "Fonblanc? I don't remember no such name. Never mind—where'd he come from? Stop, I'll see. Look at the records. Fonblanc? How do you spell it? What's his fust name? You're his mother, eh? Sister perhaps? No matter—never mind—it's all the same. What's his trade?"

"He came here from on shipboard. Wounded in a scuffle, or mutiny, or something of the kind."

"Oh, yes, daresay. A fight, got his head cracked—served him right, no doubt. How old is he?"

"About twenty, sir."

"Ah, Fonblanc? I have it. Been here several weeks—good boy—saved captain's life—mutiny on board—behaved well—here it is on the books—discharged yesterday."

"Discharged! He hasn't left the hospital?"

"You say he hasn't, I say he has; who knows best, mum?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but—"

"No consequence; all right; he's gone. Time is precious; very sorry, mum, but—rules of the institution," continued the keeper, handing the lady a card, from which she learned that the hospital was closed to visitors at five P. M., and the clock had just struck that hour.

"You couldn't inform me whither the young man is gone?" said Madame Denoir, respectfully.

"You say I can't, and you're right, mum. I dunno."

As the lady was about to turn away she bethought her of one more query, and asked:

"Did he go alone, sir?"

"Go alone? Oh, yes, mum; his legs was quite strong a week ago."

"I mean, sir, had he any companion?"

"Yes—that is, I dunno. I'll see—look at the books, to obleege you; but it's past the time, you see, an' you mustn't stop. Here it is, Martin: a man from Paris, his guardian—called himself so—guess it's right—"

"Martini, did you say?" almost shrieked the lady; "did you say Martini?"

"No, mum, I didn't. I said Martin."

"May you not be mistaken in the name?"

"What, mum? 'Ere's the book, an' it says Martin; that's right, too, I'll be bound. Frenchman—parley-voo—said he cum a purpus to get him; went away together in a hack, and that's all we know, mum."

Madame Denoir bowed and re-entered her carriage. She was certain that Martini had preceded her; she saw that the scoundrel was resolved to secure and control Elmir as a part of his plan to vanquish her, and in a deeply distressed condition she returned again to her hotel. Once more had the notary triumphed; once more had madame been defeated.

Monsieur the notary suddenly missed the letter he had intercepted, and which it will be recollected, found its way so mysteriously into the hands of Madame Denoir. He learned immediately afterwards that madame intended visiting London, and he knew what business carried her there. He lost no time, therefore, in forestalling her arrival.

The stranger who preceded her in the steamer from Havre to London, (already alluded to,) was none other than Martini himself. He found Elmir, coined the story he had related to him, and finally induced him to leave the hospital under his protection and guidance. Having established the youth as he had intimated he should do, he returned forthwith to France for a brief period, having assured Elmir that he should see him again in a short time, and would provide him with another voyage. The boy was grateful, for he was totally ignorant of the deceit and chicanery which was being practised on him. He thanked Martini for his kindness, and promised to get well as fast as possible, in order to be ready once more to sail.

The lady who would so gladly have served him in his emergency, and who was so desirous to remove him at once from the trouble and snares with which he was surrounded, sought in vain for Elmir in London. She could obtain no clue to his whereabouts; she could hear nothing further regarding the movements of the notary, and disappointed and chagrined, she at length took passage in the return steamer to Calais, and departed but little wiser than when she arrived.

CHAPTER XII.

ELMIR FONBLANC AT SEA AGAIN.

A month elapsed after the events narrated in our last chapter, and Madame Denoir had reached Havre, Paris, and had proceeded on to Toulon. Not a line had she received from Flora up to her return from London, and though she had been actively engaged in other matters of importance to her, she had not overlooked the extraordinary fact that the mails brought her no intelligence from her favorite ward, who was usually so scrupulously attentive. On her arrival in Toulon, her surprise was heightened and her doubts—so far as Flora's continued love was concerned—were at once dispelled, when the sweet girl informed her that she had never heard a word from madame from the hour she departed on her journey. It was plain that villainy had been at work with their correspondence—and the whole of their manifold letters had been intercepted. The agency madame did not doubt, but she was prudent—for the time being—indisposed as she was just now, to burthen the youthful heart of Flora with unnecessary trouble.

During the lapse of this month mentioned, the notary had been unusually busy. He returned from Paris to London very soon after Madame Denoir reached France—for he kept himself constantly apprised of her movements and whereabouts—and having previously matured his present plans for Elmir's conduct and disposal, he waited upon him at once and assured him that he found it very difficult to devote so much time to his case.

"I have been to confer with Madame Denoir," he said, "since I saw you last; but she is in no better condition to aid you than when you wrote to her. She thinks that you had far better follow up the profession you have begun than to attempt anything new at your age."

"I reverence her opinion, monsieur, and consider her advice of the first importance. I am content, and will be a sailor for her sake," said Elmir, promptly.

"I am glad of this, young man; I rejoice that you are disposed to accept of her counsel. In view of this—for I confess that I supposed you would fall in with madame's suggestion—I have been looking about among my numerous acquaintances for a suitable opportunity for you, and have found a chance open for you on board a trading brig, where you may be installed at once, if you are are so disposed, as second mate."

"Thanks, thanks, my dear monsieur!" said Elmir, gratefully. "I accept it with gratitude, I assure you."

And forthwith the boy was placed on board a fine fruit brig bound for the Mediterranean.

The brig on board of which Elmir found himself proved a heavy sailer, and his duties as second officer of the vessel, he ascertained were exceedingly arduous. But his natural good courage did not desert him, and he strove to face his hard lot with that energy and determination which had been a characteristic of his career thus far in life.

The master of the brig was an old salt, and the chief mate was rude, boisterous and illiterate. He showed his men no mercy; and finding, very soon after they sailed, that young Fonblanc was his superior in talent, address, and seamanship—albeit he had never had half the experience of his senior officer—he became jealous of him, for the captain was sufficiently keen-witted and fully indolent enough to avail himself of Elmir's good qualities, which he turned to his own advancement and ease whenever the opportunity presented—which, by the way, as they proceeded upon their voyage, proved by no means seldom.

With the exceptions that naturally followed upon such a state of things, everything went well for some days after they left the coast of Great Britain. The Straits of Dover were quietly threaded, the brig crossed the English Channel to the southward under easy sail, and Point Penmach, the extreme westerly headland of France, was left far away to leeward, as the brig entered the Bay of Biscay, and proceeded to the southward again upon her course towards the Mediterranean.

Two days subsequently a violent gale set in from the northwest, and the brig drifted to the eastward and southward rapidly, in spite of the efforts of the officers to keep her away. On the third morning land was in sight over their lee, most unexpectedly, and the gale they had encountered three days before had not abated a jot in its ferocity. They had shortened sail forty-eight hours previously, and, upon consulting their charts, they found themselves entirely off their course, still drifting to leeward, while a frightful shore of rocky land presented itself beyond them far as the eye could reach.

The nearest point in view stretched quite out into the sea, and it proved to be the Cape de Penas, above Gijon—a fearful place to the experienced mariner, on the deck even of a manageable vessel. The brig was the reverse of this in bad weather, and the heavy chopped sea which fretted and roared beyond the high reefs rendered their position most alarming indeed. They managed to keep the vessel off shore, however, during the day, but night came on, and with it darkness, an increase of the hurricane, and a dreary prospect for the unlucky and laboring brig and crew.

At midnight she struck. The boats were instantly manned, and into the last one that left the brig Elmir Foublanc and two sailors leaped, as the doomed vessel hove over upon her side and went down amid the angry waters.

A single boat only reached the land. As daylight broke three men might have been seen clambering up the rocky shore, but not a vestige remained of the ill-fated brig, and the wild waves rolled up heavily against the reefs as the wrecked sufferers clung to the sharp crags, or lay exhausted upon the hard and cheerless rocks.

They were Elmir and his two companions who were thus fortunate in escaping death. But no habitation was in sight, they were wet, cold and hungry—but succor could scarcely be anticipated or hoped for in that forbidding and fearful spot.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MEDICAL PROGRESS.

A comparison of the early and latter part of the last centennial period furnishes many striking points of contrast. Of course it can not be expected in this paper to go into details; we must confine ourselves to leading characteristics. A very marked contrast relates to the use of certain potential measures of treatment, such as blood-letting, cathartics, emetics, blisters, or other methods of counter-irritation, the use of mercurial remedies, etc. Comparatively these are but little employed at the present time. This therapeutical change is by no means proof that these measures are not useful. Their usefulness has heretofore undoubtedly in many instances been overestimated, and it is not improbable that further progress in medical experience will show that they are now underestimated. One reason for their being used with more circumspection and reserve is, the ends for which they were employed, owing to improvements in *materia medica* and pharmacy, are now accomplished by remedies which involve less repugnance on the part of the patient, and which are less liable to do harm if injudiciously employed. In this point of view, therefore, the change denotes progress in knowledge. Perhaps nowhere more than in this country is the practice of medicine characterized by the change just adverted to.

Potential drugs of all kinds are less used now than heretofore. This is due in a measure to a better knowledge than formerly of their operation, acquired by accumulated clinical experience and experiments on the lower animals. But it is in a great measure attributable to the results of the study within late years of the natural history of diseases. This term embraces the laws regulating the termination, the duration, the phenomena, and the complications of diseases, irrespective of the operation of active measures of treatment. The importance of this study has been for the past half century more appreciated than formerly. As opportunities have offered, it has been prosecuted with much zeal and patience. Physicians in this country have taken not an insignificant part in the prosecution of this study. The results have shown that many diseases are self-limited in duration, and pursue a favorable course without active medicinal interference, and, as a consequence, there is a greater reserve now than heretofore in the use of potential drugs. And in proportion to this reserve a greater importance has been attached to what may be distinguished as sanitary measures of treatment, such as ventilation, regulation of temperature, etc. It is undoubtedly true that many diseases are more successfully managed on account of these changes.—[Harper's Magazine for June.]

A CONFUSED PHOTOGRAPHER.

He is a young photographer, just starting in business and love. The other afternoon his girl's mother called for a sitting. He desired to make a most favorable impression upon that portion of her mind which could appreciate photography, and so he became a trifle nervous in the work. But he got her fixed finally, with her eyes fixed glassily on a certain object, as is the custom. Then he drew the cloth, took out his watch, and counted off thirty seconds, restored the cloth, and drew out the case.

"Gracious!" he unintentionally ejaculated, "I forgot to put in the plate."

The old lady had to sit again, and she prepared for the ordeal, but with confidence in the operator considerably abated. He was more nervous now than before, and it was some ten minutes before he had her arranged to suit the focus. Then the cloth was again removed, the watch again pulled out. He counted off the thirty seconds, replaced the cloth, and drew out the case.

"Great Heavens!" he groaned, in a frightful voice, "I forgot to pull out the slide."

The prospective mother-in-law sprang to her feet, snatched up her hat and shawl, and pausing long enough to inquire if he was drunk, shot out of the door, leaving the pallid-faced artist grasping a chair for support.—[Danbury News.]

A SINGLE snowflake—who cares for it? But a whole day of snowflakes, obliterating the landmarks, drifting over the doors, gathering upon the mountain to crash in avalanches—who does not care for that? Private opinion is weak, but public opinion is almost omnipotent.

WAITING FOR LUCK.

BY C. E. M.

Ho! ye who listless and moping
Sit dismally twirling your thumbs,
And gloomily waiting and watching
For something that thus never comes;
You might just as well, foolish mortals,
Expect you'll by lightning be struck;
One will happen as soon as the other!
Don't stand around waiting for luck!

There's a saying—a good and true one—
(Take courage, you poor one who delves
With a stout heart so brave) that "Heaven
Will help those who help themselves;"
And you'll find, if you wish for good fortune,
A pretty good way is to tuck
Up your shirt-sleeves and start out and find it;
Don't sit around waiting for luck!

You may pine and mope on forever—
Find fault and deplore your hard fate—
But you'd better remember the proverb,
And act on it ere it's too late;
You may pout and grumble forever—
Just so long you will find you are stuck
In the mire of sloth and abasement—
Don't sit around waiting for luck!

There is wealth to be had—go and seek it!
And with it get honor and fame;
By the sweat of your brow you can gain them,
And carve for yourself a proud name;
But to do this takes tact and ambition,
Persistency, hope—and some pluck.
Are you ready?—then lose not a moment!
Don't sit around waiting for luck!

A "GHOST OF A CHANCE."

BY C. A. M.

CHAPTER I.

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

What took me to Constantinople that particular winter is really more than I am able to say, unless it was that I had "done" every other city of any importance—aye, and *been done* in some of them!—and I seemed at a loss, just then, to know where to go. What to do next is oftentimes a question hard to answer.

Ever been in Constantinople? You may say "No." In that case it is with feeling, even deep feeling, that I adjure you to refrain from going there. It is dirty. It is unhealthy. There are more vermin in one Turkish lodging-house than in all the rest of creation I know of. "More things in heaven and earth, my dear reader, than is dreamt of in your philosophy," and memory, I assure you, suffices for mine.

It was in Constantinople that an event occurred, the circumstances of which first gave me a bias towards the marvelous. Those who have heard me tell the strange story of the Oriental Taper often revert to it and say: "Well, Mallevering, that Taper affair beats the bugs!" If by this phrase—a most decided vulgarism—they mean the bugs of Constantinople, however, I respectfully desire to differ. Nothing could do that.

But to my story.

I was walking calmly—that is a way I have—along one of the nastiest of all the streets in that nasty place. I had nearly upset a camel—no, a camel had nearly upset me—and I had apostrophised the negro who was leading it, in forcible vernacular which did not appear to impress him with awe and terror, as I had intended that it should, and I had run over several naked little Turks who were playing some occult game with bits of curious coin spread out upon the pavement. I was getting angrier and angrier every moment, and had several times indulged in ejaculations the reverse of pious—this I did for my own private satisfaction—when I suddenly encountered the very ugliest old woman that it was ever my ill-fortune to behold. She looked like a witch that had lost her way out of Macbeth. Even the shades of evening which by this time—as in the poem "Excelsior," of which the reader may have heard—were "falling fast," failed to soften a hideousness so great that it absolutely verged upon the sublime.

Her nose and chin almost met. Her eyes were sunken nearly out of sight, yet a flame seemed to leap from the sombre depths of their hollow orbits and cast an unholy flicker over the yellow and sunken cheeks of the gaunt and aged face upon which sat a majestic and grand diabolism of aspect that, I admit it, filled me for the time with superstitious awe. Had she commenced an incantation; surrounded me with circles of flame produced from a magic wand; had she evolved a malignant but beautiful Houri from the now fast-falling shadows; cursed me; spat upon me; robbed me; informed me that

"Sleep should never, night or day,
Hang upon my penthouse lids,"

or otherwise maltreated me, I am, up to this present day and hour, convinced that I should have stood still and let her do it. It is all very well to joke about the matter at this late day, but that old woman was horrible.

Now I speak the language of the followers of Mahomet—after a fashion—and I mildly remarked in that by no means ugly tongue—observing, too, that this frightful creature's face was unveiled, contrary to the custom of the country—or what I supposed to be her country, for she wore its garb:

"What do you want?" for the beautiful being had halted and put her claw-like hand upon my arm.

"Will you buy?" answered she, thrusting into my face a tray covered with odd-looking ware, such as necklaces of Eastern coin, bracelets, brooches, cups, saucers, hair-ornaments, etc. I declined, and I endeavored to pass by her and on my way.

"Buy! buy!" reiterated the hag. And she pushed into my hand a singular, wand-like object, and added: "Buy this—*this!*"

The odd-looking object had a crescent upon each end which projected from a roll wrapped about it, resembling parchment, and covered with tiny spots like half-effaced stars.

"What do I want with it?" replied I, replacing the object upon the tray; "let me go."

"You will never regret buying this taper," hissed the colorless lips of the beldame. I bought it. I gave her two pieces of coin. She returned one, then the other. Then, before I had time to oppose the slightest resistance to her endeavor, she hastily severed a lock of the curling hair over my temples—which is about the only beauty I am possessed of—laughed discordantly, and so as still further to enhance her loveliness by the exhibition of her toothless gums, again thrust the "taper," as she called it, into my hand, and, I have never understood how, but I take it to be through assistance from her Familiar Spirit, disappeared before I could have said "Jack Robinson!" had I been inclined—which I was not—so to do.

If anybody ever did "laugh in his sleeve"—which nobody ever does, to the best of my belief—I should have laughed in mine, when, on reaching home—if one can call any part of Constantinople a home, which no Christian could—I found that, enveloped in the roll of parchment there lay indeed an exquisitely beautiful engraved candlestick of the purest antique gold, which I stood upright upon one crescent-shaped end, and which, it would have seemed, was intended to be lighted at the other, for certain Oriental characters upon it read thus: "*Apply fire here.*" These words were inscribed upon each end of the upper crescent which arched upwards like the horned moon. I detected the fragrance of some Eastern oil which slid up and down the inner tube as I moved it. Across the entire length of the body-tube were characters, which I succeeded in deciphering. They ran thus:

"*He who possesses me shall read the heart of his enemy.*"

Such was the legend of the taper.

"By Jove!" ejaculated I, "what luck!" But on reflection, I concluded that I did not want the thing, for I had no enemies.

Still I had a golden taper, for nothing but a lock of hair that was not golden, whatever Kate may say on the subject. I have not yet introduced the reader to Kate, but she is coming. And, like Mrs. Toodles' bargains, this diabolic thing might come into play. In case I ever developed an enemy, it would be a good thing "to have in the house."

It was rather odd, however, that when I took from a trunk a crucifix which I had purchased in Rome and laid it, accidentally, upon the table beside the taper the last-mentioned object should have vanished. Vanished? you remark. Vanished. And I consider it still more curious that when I had reached Paris, whither I next repaired to settle a little matter of money, the taper should have been the first thing that met my eye upon opening my valise.

I was puzzled. I object to being puzzled. And I object to the possession of objects bestowed by hideous "midnight" or evening hags in exchange for locks of human hair, and which have, besides, the unpleasant peculiarity of disappearing upon the appearance of and proximity to the crucifix. I took the taper and pitched it out of the window. I remember that it was in the Rue Chausee d'Antin. So far, so good! "I'm rid of the thing," quoth I.

Well, that evening, on re-opening my valise the first object that met my hand—and it was muddy—was, the taper. I exclaimed, "Drat the thing!" and I consider the exclamation, however inelegant, to be justified by what had gone before, and, most assuredly, by what came after. For more—and better—remains behind.

CHAPTER II.

KATE—AND "MIKE ANCESTOR."

Now I was engaged to be married to Kate. Kate Welford. Never heard of her? Well, then you've missed hearing of the prettiest creature that ever was seen by you, or me, or any one else. Talk about hair! Why, Kate's is that bronze-brown that is so rare. Eyes? Violets! Features? If Kate's are not Grecian nobody's are. And as for figure, I consider that since Kate became a part of creation, the statue of the Venus of Milo is nowhere.

I showed Kate the taper. "How odd!" exclaimed she. "Why, don't you see, Harry, that those funny looking figures are exactly like the characters on the painted taper in that old, old, old picture of your great-great-great-grandfather, the English baronet who was so persistent a traveler in the East and was painted in Oriental costume? And he was the ancestor who rescued the beautiful Eastern girl from the slave-dealer who was beating her, and restored her to her parents in Circassia. Don't you remember the account of it all, in his private letters which you used to read to me? And how grateful the woman was, and how she gave him a golden taper with a device upon it? And charged him never to part with it? And how it was lost, or stolen, or something, ages ago? Don't you know?"

And truly, as Kate prattled on, I recalled the picture of the old man, dead some seventy years before, and the romantic life he had led in the mystic East, the story of the slave-girl's rescue from her brutal task-master—at the risk, by-the-by, of Grandsire Mallevering's life—and there rose up before me the memory of the legend upon the taper in the old painting. The Eastern girl? Add his then age to the seventy years that Grandsire Mallevering had been dead, and to the age he had arrived at when the picture was painted, and you would have a hundred and fifty years. That was a long time for a taper to be lost.

I kept my taper. Time passed.

It is now my unpleasant duty to introduce to the reader the most unmitigated snob—I reiterate the word—snob that it was ever my misfortune to encounter. Though English, that word describes that Frenchman.

Monsieur Alphonse Lucien de Ferouville, on the strength of an old tumble-down chateau in Brittany—"*la belle Bretayne,*" as Ferouville was wont to call it—gave himself more airs in five minutes, than any other human being was capable of taking upon himself or herself in the whole course of even a lengthy lifetime. And how he sneered at republics and republicans! How he bragged about the French nobles of the olden time who signed "with the hilt of their swords, monsieur, and left writing to their hired clerks." And how he talked—like all cowards—about his own personal bravery! And how, in the midst of all his genuine admiration—I believe that about Ferouville!—of Kate and her beauty, he never lost sight of the fact that Miss Welford was an heiress, and that her American dollars would prop up the rickety walls of the chateau in Brittany and fill the pockets of its needy though noble owner.

Now I, at that time, was not rich. And Kate, unfortunately, had a fool of an aunt who believed in noblemen and titles and in French chateaux, moustaches and misfortunes, who drank in French boasting by the hour together, and thought Alphonse Lucien de Ferouville a hero of romance, a poetic personage bearing up manfully against disaster. His haggard look—attributable to anything but "early piety"—Aunt Selina declared to be "mental distress," and compassionated accordingly.

But, though poor, I had "expectations." In the natural course of events the uncle who had educated me would, he had always promised—and the merry old boy kept his word in the event!—leave me his very handsome property. Uncle Albert was old, and thought, even at that time, that he had done about as much living as any one person is called upon to do, suffered from atrociously bad health, and found his life a burden, despite his unfailing good humor at all times.

"Harry, my boy, I sha'n't be pottering about much longer," he would say, "and I should like to see you married to Kate Welford, who is a treasure, my lad, a treasure. I presume that if I last a year or two more you won't begrudge the old man a home for that time, eh?"

Whereupon—it was the only sore subject in the world to me, for I loved my uncle—I would wring his hand and assure him that if he really wanted to do me a spite he had only to die. And I meant it. I had enough, which, philosophers state, is "as good as a feast." Kate had her money, and we were all "as jolly as sand-boys" all the time.

That is to say until Monsieur Alphonse Lucien de Ferouville made his appearance upon the scene of action. Though lost to sight that gentleman is still to memory unutterably disgusting, and when I think of the many occasions upon which Kate's aunt smiled upon him and snubbed me; when I think how he used to lean over Kate at the opera and theatre, I wonder that I did not throttle that Frenchman long before our final difficulty—we are coming to that—cut him into mince-meat and scatter his insignificant remains to the four winds of heaven.

At last we quarrelled. It was, apparently, about a game at dominoes. In reality—as the astute reader doubtless conjectures—it was about Kate.

Monsieur Alphonse Lucien de Ferouville did your humble servant, Henry Mallevering, the honor to challenge him.

It was the evening before that appointed for our duel, which was to take place at dusk, in order to escape notice, and I sat alone in my apartment, Rue Chausee d 'Antin. My seconds were ready for the morrow. I had made my will and written to Kate. It was midnight at last when all these preparations for the morrow were ended.

Suddenly, as I sat dreaming, my eye fell upon the Oriental Taper.

Strange that at a moment so serious—I am not a coward, but I call the night before a duel a serious time for a man who has never fought one before and has not the remotest idea of the proprieties or improprieties of the occasion—my eyes should fasten themselves upon this trivial and unimportant object, and that I should, taking it down, have set myself to reading the legend upon the taper: "He who possesses me shall read the heart of his enemy." "By Jove!" exclaimed I, "I've got an enemy now! Who would have thought it?"

And as I turned and twisted the mysterious object, the subtle fragrance of the still, unspilt oil reached me and I said to myself: "I will light it."

I lit it.

A lambent flame of strange clearness and beauty sprang from the crescent-shaped tips of the upper portion of the taper, and at the same time an odor as of myriad eastern flowerets filled the room almost to oppressiveness. My brain reeled. The walls of the apartment seemed to melt away. I found myself gliding, as it were, out of my consciousness of the actual into a second, a superior and higher consciousness which lifted me away from earth and "this ignorant present." In my trance I seemed to be transported from my own apartment into another less elegant, and there I saw, seated at a table and vaguely as we see shadows, mine enemy, De Ferouville, and before him a dark-browed, sinister-faced man, a Polish adventurer, one Lagni, who was notorious throughout Paris for his evil courses, a man avoided by all good men.

No earthly sound has ever struck upon my ear with the bell-like, the supernatural distinctness with which the words, "Be careful you take *this* one," uttered by Lagni, now fell upon my listening sense.

"And so much for the American!" replied De Ferouville, replacing his duelling pistols in a case upon the table.

"I will dexterously substitute this for his; the charge will be withdrawn, as you see," added the phantom Lagni, "you will know this one by this minute star. And you will not forget the ten thousand dollars—not francs—when you marry the heiress."

Then, even as it had come, the vision vanished. I shook off the mystic influences that had enchained me. All had melted away and "left not a rack behind."

The subtle fragrance still permeated the air of the chamber. The lambent flame beamed softly, still and clearly. Was it fancy or a superbly beautiful Oriental face that, above the flame, seemed to gaze at me with eyes of light? Fancy? I see now, at times, the dark veil of hair, the magnificent eastern eyes, the coins about her brows, the gorgeous colors of the veil floating about her slender, dusky throat, the smile—

Gone!

Morning came. Then, at last, evening. I went to the Bois. Lagni and De Ferouville arrived just as I did. My seconds, Cecil Carlton, an artist, and Captain Jack Rivers, an English friend, were on time also. I had but a moment to say a word to Jack, who was straightway on the alert. A word? What more than a word was wanting?

There was a certain uncomfortableness about Lagni's face of brass when Jack Rivers clutched his arm and the imposture of the unloaded pistol was exposed. This, it took about five seconds to accomplish. That duel did not come off.

Lagni has never "shown" in Paris since. De Ferouville protested overmuch that he knew nothing of the cowardly trick which came so near costing me my life, for the Frenchman had every chance in his favor even with fair play.

Kate and I are married. She says that there is no other way of keeping me out of mischief.

Oh, the taper?

Of course the reader will say that I slept and dreamed a dream which was accidentally borne out as fact by actual circumstances. But I prefer to look upon that taper as proving, in a manner, that an Oriental woman rescued from a brutal slave dealer may return and prove her gratitude with *a ghost of a chance!*

PERSEVERANCE.—The more people do, the more they can do; he that does nothing renders himself incapable to do anything; whilst we are executing one work, we are preparing ourselves to undertake another.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

The Schuyler mansion was the theatre of a romance in the summer of 1781. General Schuyler was not then in active military service, but, at his house at Albany or at Saratoga, he was the vigilant eye of the Northern Department. His person as a prisoner was coveted as a capital prize by his Tory neighbors. Walter Meyer, a Tory colleague of the famous Joe Beltys, was employed to execute a scheme for the seizure and abduction of the general. With a party of his associates, Canadians and Indians, he prowled in the woods near Albany for many days, and ascertained the exact situation of affairs at Schuyler's house from a Dutchman whom he had seized at his work. He learned that a guard of six men were there for the protection of Schuyler's person, three of them alternately on duty continually. The Dutchman was compelled to take an oath of secrecy. He did so with a mental reservation, and as soon as he was released, he hastened to Schuyler and warned him of his peril.

As the twilight of a sultry day in August was yielding to the night, Schuyler and his family were sitting in the great hall of the mansion; the servants were about the premises; three of the guard were asleep in the basement, and the other three were lying on the grass in front of the mansion. A servant announced that a person at the back gate wished to speak with the general. His errand was understood. The doors and windows of the mansion were immediately closed and barred, the family were gathered in an upper room, and the general ran to his bedroom for his arms. Looking out of a window, he saw the house surrounded by armed men. To alarm the town, half a mile distant, he fired a pistol from his window. At the same moment the intruders burst open the front door. At that instant Mrs. Schuyler perceived that in the confusion she had left her infant in a cradle in the hall below. She was about to rush down the stairs after it, when the general interposed and prevented her. Her third daughter, Margaret (who was afterward the wife of the last patroon), instantly flew down the great stairway, snatched the sleeping babe from the cradle, and bore it up to its mother. One of the Indians hurled a sharp tomahawk at her. Its keen blade just grazed the infant's head, and was buried in the railing of the stairs. Meyer, supposing her to be a servant, called to her, as she flew up the stairs, "Where's your master?" With quick thought she exclaimed, as she reached the verge of the upper hall, "Gone to alarm the town!" Her father heard her, and with as quick thought threw up a window and called out, as to a multitude, "Come on, my brave fellows! Surround the house, and secure the villains!" The alarmed marauders, who were plundering the general's dining-room of the plate, fled in haste, carrying away some of the booty. That infant was the late Mrs. Catherine Van Rensselaer Cochran, General Schuyler's youngest child, who died at Oswego in the summer of 1857.—[Harper's Magazine for June.]

AN ITALIAN RECIPE FOR HUSBAND CATCHING.

Nearly all the almanacs of Italy devote themselves to instruction in some shape or another, instructing in folly and vanity, if they cannot instruct in wisdom. Many of them are consequently in high favor with ladies, especially the almanacs of the toilet-table and the ball-room, in which pretty girls are taught how to flirt, and ugly ones how to become beautiful. And here is the way to flirt, if you wish to be married. Being a pretty girl, you are sure of a score or two of admirers. Hook the one you like best—or the one you like least, if he is richest—and make a slave of him. Pet him, flatter him; fawn upon him if he is conceited; rave about pictures and statues if he likes art; talk treason if he is a republican, and quote sentences in favor of tyranny and blue blood if he is a royalist. Nothing will please him so much as this pandering to his tastes; and if you can manage to wear the colors he likes, even to the tint of your boots, showing as much as you can of them by way of provocation, you advance your interests. But do not forget the true color of love—the maiden blush. No color you can buy in the shop can equal that; and she who, in the certainty of triumph, omits blushing, is as foolish as the girl who cannot laugh, as sad as the girl who cannot weep, as false as the girl who cannot equivocate. Tears, laughter, blushes and equivocations are the artillery of love. But do not forget the buffer, the make-believe. A time comes when, to secure the man you want, you must pretend to be fascinated by some one else. Do so, but very carefully; and when—poor sensitive soul—you have, dove-like, trembled at the sight of the bird of prey, fly to the nest you have chosen in the arms of the man you love, or don't love, and consummate the union on which you have set your heart.

ONE OF THE PENALTIES OF GREATNESS.

The poet Longfellow, although naturally of a most amiable disposition, especially under the assaults made upon his time and privacy by simple curiosity and literary-lion hunters who have no possible claim upon him, would be little short of a saint if he were not sometimes annoyed by the pertinacity of uninvited guests. Take for illustration two instances:

Three ladies, two from Chicago and one from Milwaukee, entirely unknown to the poet, send in their cards. They are courteously received by him in a reception room.

"Would he be good enough to let them see his library?"

The request is acquiesced in, and the library undergoes inspection.

"Oh, it's lovely," "so nice;" and now "mayn't we see the dining-room?"

The cloth for dinner was laid and the hour for that meal close at hand, but nevertheless the ladies carried their point, but, when it came to wishing to be shown the kitchen, the host was fain to ring for a servant, lest further examination might extend to cellar or attic.

Another amusing instance was that of an Englishman who, like Sir Charles Coldstream, had "traveled everywhere, seen everything and done everything," and yet was terribly ennuied.

"Haw! yes, Mr. Longfellow, though I ought to see the great American poet, 'n' sent in ma card."

The poet asked his visitor to be seated, when he resumed:

"Yes, see Mr. Longfellow; I've been a great traveler, sir, been all over the Continent, been to Iceland, Sweden, Norway."

"Indeed, you must have found much to interest you?"

"Well, something, but it's getting to be an awful bwar. I've just come from Egypt, old country—antiquities, you know."

"Yes," replied the poet, "many interesting remains of past ages."

"Ah, yes—just so, exactly; heaps of old ruins. I like ruins. Now every, thing's new here in America, you know—can't find any old ruins—so thought I'd come an' see you."—[Boston Commercial and Bulletin.]

HOW NOT TO HAVE NICE FLOWERS.

To begin with, beg seeds from all your friends who cultivate flowers; never mind what kind they are; it is not worth the trouble to remember; then when you put them in the ground, of course you cannot arrange them with any regard to height, color, season of blooming, etc., but now sow them as you have gathered, promiscuously. Lay out your beds in the grass, and dig them all of two inches deep, but certainly not over a foot. If this is done some wet day, the sod will cut easier, and the soil will be in nice, large lumps. Dig a hole about six inches deep and two inches in diameter; among these lumps pour half an ounce of your most delicate flower seeds, and if they don't grow, blame the one you got them of. If you happen to send to a seedsman for a few kinds, his reputation will be much enhanced by it.

Don't pay any more attention to them until you see other people's flowers in bloom; then pull out some of the largest weeds and wonder why you don't have any luck raising flowers. Don't dig around them for fear of disturbing the roots, don't thin out the plants, for you won't get the worth of your money; don't prune off any of the branches, for there won't be room for so many flowers. Don't pick any of the blossoms, but let them all go to seed, then sit down and say that a seedsman who sends seeds that won't grow ought to be compelled to send enough more to make it up.

Go right back to the friends you begged seeds off last year, and call them mean and stingy if they don't give you as many more. Of course, they can pay a good price for rare varieties, and then distribute them gratuitously with the greatest pleasure imaginable; in fact, you are rather favoring them by accepting. If you have summer bulbs, forget to remove them to the cellar until the ground is frozen up.

When you find farmers can raise potatoes by planting a bushel in a hill, or excellent corn without hoeing or cultivating, you will probably produce nice flowers from this sort of cultivation.

AGRICULTURAL.

GRAPES.—Allow newly planted vines only one cane the first year. As the growth appears, tie up carefully to wires or other support, and rub off any unnecessary shoots which start. Give soil between the two vines a dressing of ground bone—never use unfermented stable manure if the best results are desired. Cutting out poor and malformed bunches as soon as set, will help the rest of the crop; this can only be done in small vineyards.

CALCUTTA wheat has been exported to Great Britain largely this season, and has caused the "low class" of grain from this country and Russia to be neglected. There is reason for concern in regard to this new rival, land and labor in India being both very cheap. Great Britain needs annually, in round numbers, 44,000,000 cwt. (112 lbs.) of wheat. We send her 23,500,000; Russia, 8,500,000, the remaining 11,000,000 being supplied mainly by France, Germany and Egypt. Favored, however, by the Suez Canal, the East Indians face confidently all their competitors.—*New York Tribune.*

A RAPID CLIMBER.—Everybody wants a rapid climbing plant in summer for covering some wall, trellis, arbor, or some unsightly object. The London *Garden* speaks thus of the *Physianthus Albens:* "A small plant, little more than a foot high, was planted near a wall with a warm exposure about the end of May, and now covers five or six square yards of surface, every joint being furnished with a raceme of pure white flowers. An easier plant to cultivate can hardly be imagined." There is a plant in Chicago which covers a trellis eight feet high with hundreds of its pure white, waxy flowers.

THE raising of flax and hemp is earnestly urged on American agriculturists by some of the foreign manufacturers. In some parts of the West flax pays double to the acre what wheat does. The statement made by these parties that the United States annually imports $50,000,000 of flax and hemp from Russia, or from anywhere, is false. We do import about $14,000,000 of linens annually, but the import of raw hemp and flax does not amount to $5,000,000. It time, perhaps, we shall naturalize the linen manufacturer, as we have cotton and woolen, or go back to it, in the way of our grandmothers.

ONE of the best modes of applying gypsum is to sprinkle it on the leaves of plants while the dew is still upon them. Applied in this way to clover, turnips, cabbage, melons, etc., "it seems to put new life" into them, as the Irishman said of his whisky. A sprinkling on the leaves of squashes, cucumbers, and other similar plants, not only puts new life, but keeps off the insects which are such a pest to these crops. The plaster should be renewed on the young leaves each time it is washed off by a rain. All insects like clean leaves, and avoid a plastered leaf as though it were poison. Possibly it is, but, if poison to the insect, it is medicine to the plant.

EVERY year the practice of using water quite warm to the hand grows in favor with me, and now I could not give a plant the smallest sip of cold water, being sure that it would injure it. Saucers are quite needful and every pot should be supplied with one, and if it is filled with boiling water every morning it will add to the luxuriance of the plant, and frequently no other moisture will be needed for several days. The contents of the tea-pot are also efficacious in plant-growth, and the tea leaves can be added in small quantities to the soil of the pots. Ivies are always beautified by an application of tea leaves and tea, and it is an excellent thing to wet a sponge in tea and moisten the leaves with it, as it wipes off all the dust which accumulates upon them continually.—*Cor. New England Farmer.*

IT affords a happy combination of beauty, utility and convenience to border the garden walks with strawberries. A single row of plants, set one foot from the edge of the walk, will, if properly cared for, give a close border two feet wide the second year. Draw a line on each side after the runners begin to root, cut the edges straight and even with the hoe, and keep them so. You thus not only economize space which might not otherwise be used, and make the garden attractive, but get your fruit where it can be picked from the walks—which if properly made, of coal ashes or gravel, will always be dry, and very convenient to use a stool in. Two walks thus bordered through the centre of even a small garden, each way, will give a family a good supply of this most delicious of fruits.

ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO MY WIFE HAD A VERY TROUBLESOME COUGH, of so serious a character that we all became very anxious; indeed, it seemed that we had but little to hope for, as the Lungs were affected. We tried various medicines, but very little, if any, benefit seemed to be derived from any of them, so that it appeared the disease had complete mastery, and nothing but death would bring relief. I was then advised to give Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant a trial, and, doing so, to our surprise, found great benefit from its use. Persisting with it she gradually commenced improving, until the principal symptoms disappeared entirely, and she has enjoyed reasonably good health ever since.—*John Musgrave, Hubbardsville, Kentucky.*

PECULIARITIES OF THE MONTH OF MAY

In May, says the St. Louis *Republican*, people hunt for may flowers—and they don't find them.

In May the land is sorely scourged with strawberry festivals and other devices which empty pockets and disorder stomachs.

In May a man who can't afford his wife a hired girl can spend thirty cents for buck beer.

In May banana skins cripple more people than cannon balls.

In May croquet works woe with youthful hearts and youthful corns.

In May people turn over a new leaf, and move to avoid back rent.

In May the tramps trampeth after anything but a plow.

In May the housefly becomes numerous once more, and as of old has no higher ambition than to flop into the butter.

In May men invest all their wealth on their pet base ball clubs, and their wealth never bothers them any more.

In May a man looks long and earnestly for his last summer's clothes—and he finds only a pair of cheap vases.

In May asparagus appears on the table and is as delicious as a dish of boiled pine clothes-pins.

In May Sunday schools pick up marvelously, preparatory to expected picnics.

In May all that a boy hath, yea, all that he can borrow, that will he give to see a base ball match.

In May a woman no longer wants a spring bonnet. She has repented her ways—she wants a summer bonnet.

In May little girls stretch ropes across pavements and "jump the rope," and everybody that passes that way falls over the rope and wounds his nose.

On all occasions it is well to be a little more than tolerant; especially when a wiser and better man than ourselves thinks differently from us.

The True Medical Philosophy.

The remarkable cures of dyspepsia, constipation, general debility, intermittent and remittent fevers, nervousness, mental despondency, and a host of other ailments, by that popular botanic invigorant and alterative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, prove that to *vitalize*, not deplete, the sick, is the true medical philosophy. Under the old system patients underwent a course of treatment that often had the effect of exhausting their few remaining energies. Drastic purgation, and the administration of violent remedies with a weakening reaction, were frequently and most unnecessarily resorted to in cases where invigoration combined with mild regulative treatment was the sole desideratum. That this unwise mode of medication has been to a great extent abandoned is in no small degree due to the success which has attended the peerless remedy above named.

WITHOUT DELAY

Is the great secret of good health and longevity. We are all at times liable to become constipated, livers grow inactive and our blood sluggish. Allow these dangerous symptoms to continue unchecked and Bilious Fever will ensue, and either death or protracted illness will surely be the result. All this can be prevented by the timely use of Dr. SCHENK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.

For sale by all druggists.

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The Westminster Hotel is one of the most select and comfortable of the first-class hotels in New York. It is conveniently located, being but one block from Union Square and Broadway, convenient to the great stores, churches and places of amusement. A wood pavement covers the streets around, thus relieving its guests of the annoyance incident to other hotels on the stone-paved and crowded thoroughfares. Persons who would enjoy all the luxuries of a first-class hotel, with that home-like ease and quiet so desirable to the wearied traveler, will find the Westminster the place to stop. It is kept on the European plan. See card in advertising columns.

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The People's Remedy.

The Universal Pain Extractor.

Note: Ask for Pond's Extract.

Take no other.

"Hear, for I will speak of excellent things."

POND'S EXTRACT—The great Vegetable Pain Destroyer. Has been in use over thirty years, and for cleanliness and prompt curative virtues cannot be excelled.

CHILDREN.—No family can afford to be without Pond's Extract. Accidents, Bruises, Contusions, Cuts, Sprains, are relieved almost instantly by external application. Promptly relieves pains or Burns, Scalds, Excoriations, Chafings, Old Sores, Boils, Felons, Corns, etc. Arrests inflamation, reduces swellings, stops bleeding, removes discolorations and heals rapidly.

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IN LEUCORRHŒA it has no equal. All kinds of ulcerations to which ladies are subject are promptly cured. Fuller details in book accompanying each bottle.

PILES—blind or bleeding—meet prompt relief and ready cure. No case, however chronic or obstinate, can long resist its regular use.

VARICOSE VEINS.—It is the only sure cure for this distressing and dangerous condition.

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PHYSICIANS of all schools who are acquainted with **Pond's Extract of Witch Hazel** recommend it in their practice. We have letters of commendation from hundreds of Physicians, many of whom order it for use in their own practice. In addition to the foregoing, they order its use for **Swellings of all kinds, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Inflamed Tonsils,** simple and chronic **Diarrhœa, Catarrh,** (for which it is a specific,) **Chilblains, Frosted Feet, Stings of Insects, Mosquitoes,** etc., **Chapped Hands, Face,** and indeed all manner of skin diseases.

TOILET USE.—Removes **Soreness, Roughness,** and **Smarting;** heals **Cuts, Eruptions,** and **Pimples.** It *restores, invigorates,* and *refreshes,* while wonderfully improving the **Complexion.**

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CENTENNIAL YEAR

and its most striking feature, our imposing

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and are every way worthy the occasion. They will be cherished by their fortunate possessors in after years, and be handed down as heirlooms, to be brought out as treasures at the next Centenary. Many to whom we have shown them considered one dollar each a small price, and we could have disposed of many at that figure. The price for them, however, is twenty-five cents each, or $1 for the whole set. They are made by the Ornamental Wood Company of Philadelphia, with special machinery for the purpose, being struck out of solid wood under immense hydraulic pressure—hence the low price for so fine a production—and they are thus real curiosities, as the figures stand out in bold relief.

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with illustrations of prominent buildings and other notable objects connected with the Exposition. Its contributors will continue to be the best which money can secure, in this country and in Europe, and no effort will be spared by

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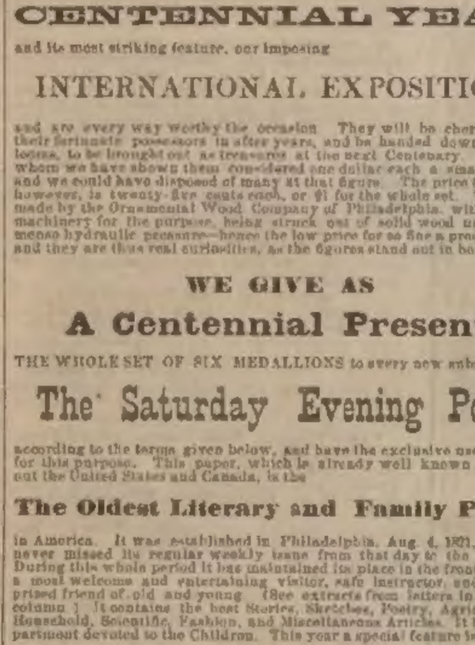
to maintain and advance its high standard. While it is believed to be the best as well as largest paper of its class published, it is yet the cheapest in print. Until recently the price has been $5.00 per year, but we now offer to send



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The following extracts from letters, the originals of which are in our office, show what our subscribers think of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. We could fill this page with similar notes:

"Have been a constant subscriber to the Post for twenty years, and it improvement is as marked in future as under your management, will be a life subscriber."—Wm. Buchanan, Prattsburgh, N. Y.——"I have ever esteemed the Post for its purity."—Mrs. Mary E. Hall, Leesville, Ohio.——"This will make about fifty years I have been a constant subscriber."—Jos. Corey, Almond, N. Y.——"I have taken the SATURDAY EVENING POST for fifteen years. Although 70 years old, I feel as anxious every week for the arrival of my dear old friend as I ever did."—Mrs. E. B. Sadorus, Ill.——"I have been reading it ever since I learned to read, and ever since the first number was published."—Mrs. John G. Angelo, New Town, Md.

Who are Bennett & Fitch?

Will They Do What They Promise?

Is it Safe to Send Them Money?

The following are answers to these very natural and proper questions:

GEORGE C. BENNETT, one of the publishers, founded, and for twenty-seven years conducted the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Daily Times.

W. A. FITCH, the other publisher, was for fourteen years connected with the well known American Agriculturist, four years editorially and ten years in the business department; his more recent engagement, until taking charge of the Post, was with this paper, THE WEEKLY SUN.

The following are selected from many similar voluntary notices:

Old Hands on an Old Journal.

Ex-Assemblyman George C. Bennett, the founder and for 27 years publisher of the Brooklyn *Daily Times*, and Mr. W. A. Fitch, for many years with the *American Agriculturist*, have bought the SATURDAY EVENING POST, of Philadelphia, which is now hale and vigorous in its fifty-fifth year of publication. With the capital, enterprise, and experience here combined, large success seems assured.—*New York Telegram.*

Messrs. George C. Bennett and William A. Fitch, of Brooklyn, have bought THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, of Philadelphia, the oldest family literary journal in the United States, which has held its place for many years in a quiet way against younger journals of the same class. Mr. Bennett was the founder of the Brooklyn *Times*, and Mr. Fitch has been connected for years with the business concerns of journalism.—*New York Evening Post.*

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WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

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In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

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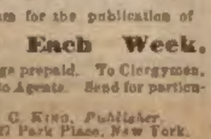

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THE FASHIONS.

"Do tell us something suitable to wear to the Centennial?" is the query that comes to us from all quarters. We are always glad to aid, by giving practical advice, and have made good use of our eyes in noticing the costumes worn at the Exhibition grounds by ladies of taste, from abroad and home also. To transient visitors and especially those who come in from the country to "do" the Centennial Buildings, etc., for a day, we commend strongly

THE MOHAIR ULSTER.

This is prettiest when made of silver-grey or pale brown, of the material known as mohair lustre. The pattern we commend is a long loose garment, cut long enough to reach the hem of the dress. It buttons down the front with smoked pearl buttons; is simply hemmed around the bottom by machine. The sleeves are half loose, and have deep square cuffs. The collar may be round and upright, or else pointed and turned over in front. Deep pockets adorn the sides. A pointed belt, commencing at the waist under the arm scyes, holds in pleats the fulness of the back widths; strings connect with this belt underneath the garment and tie in front, giving a better fit to the back of it.

Now for a suitable

COSTUME OF SILK OR WOOL.

Black silk above all other kind we prefer, since it can be worn under any material, as underskirt, being alike suitable to pongee, damasse, or later in the season, for hernani. The present style of close skirts, forbids the use of many flounces, or much trimming upon the lower skirt. One deep flounce being sufficient. This may be embellished by having a narrow knife-pleating at the bottom of it. The overskirt should be long, and sufficiently ample to drape gracefully, with but little trimming except a deep pocket on the right side. Basque, cuirass shape, trimmed with pleatings, pipings, or bias folds.

FICHUS

will be largely worn; many are of the dress material; others are of black silk trimmed with lace, or light colored cashmere, cream-tint being given the preference, trimmed with creamy lace.

TRAVELING DRESSES

are of brown debege generally, this color being given a preference. They are made with a knife-pleating on the lower skirt, and what is termed a "Boltense" overskirt or polonaise—this latter being newer. The left side is looped high—the right falls long, and ends squarely. A deep pocket, laid in longitudinal pleats, is placed on the right side. It, with the collar and cuffs are often made of silk. Vegetable ivory buttons close the front.

THE TRAVELING HAT

is generally worn of rough straw, brown or black, trimmed with a long grenadine scarf of the same tint. The shape preferred, is, for young fresh faces, the toque; for others the English walking shape, turned up on one side only, this protects the face more efficiently.

TRAVELING BELT AND GLOVES.

The first is of dark Turkish or Russia leather, with buckle and chatelaine attachments of oxydized silver. The gloves are of grey or brown undressed kid with three of four buttons.

COSTUMES FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

For a child of six or eight years of age, we have seen a lovely suit, of grey cashmere, Gabrielle back, with long waist, which just in the middle is separate from the skirt. A rose-colored sash is disposed in two ends and a deep loop, and put in this division, of waist and skirt; a fold of cashmere, with four rose-colored buttons, holds it in place, and conceals the opening. The front has a knife-pleating of rose-colored silk, simulating an overskirt or apron front; another row of the same pleating, extending to the side seams, simulating basque fronts. A bow and long ends of rose-colored ribbon is placed at the middle of the neck in the back. Rose-colored pleatings trim the bottom of the coat sleeves. A soft crowned capote bonnet of creamy silk, with rose-colored pleating for a rim, and tufts of creamy feathers, is worn with this costume.

A suit for a boy of eight, was of chestnut-colored cloth, made sailor fashion, with the collar, cuffs, tie and sash of dark brown cashmere. The upturned rim of the sailor hat was lined with brown silk.

A Paletot for a child of six, was of cream-colored cashmere, buttoning diagonally across the front from the left shoulder to the bottom, with silk loops and black velvet buttons. A cape, cut round and fastened at the throat with a black velvet bow and ends, also bordered with velvet an inch and a half wide, was worn with it. A curious belt, of folded cashmere, run through black velvet loops, placed at intervals of two inches apart, and hanging loosely about the waist, had a pointed pocket trimmed with velvet attached.

A somewhat novel suit for a young miss of fourteen was of dove-colored mohair, had the skirt laid in kilt plaits, and reached to the tops of the boots. The cuirass basque, buttoned up in the back, fitted tightly over the hips, and had a square cape of blue silk set in, and edged with a ruching of silk, just across the tops of the sleeves and upon the bust. A wide scarf of mohair, bound on each side with blue silk, was passed in smooth fold across the left hip, there fastened, from thence brought diagonally across the back and front, and fastened low down on the right side with two bows of blue silk. Ruchings of blue silk edged the sleeves. A hat of rough English straw, encircled with pale violets and buttercups, was worn.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The latest French advices are that white muslin will be worn this summer, in the form of the polonaise over silks of a dull or faded color.

A fashion is started for wearing a number of metal buttons for trimming the front and sleeves, also pockets of dresses. It is an evanescent one, we trust.

Cashmere fichus trimmed with creamy lace are much worn.

Wooden jewelry, to match the dress in tint, is worn for morning, traveling, and demi-toilette generally.

Polonaises abound in all fabrics.

Soft capote bonnets are much worn by little girls.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Homer, Colladay & Co. for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

In accordance with the request of several of our readers we will give directions for making the lace sleeveless jackets so popular last season, and which again are adopted. The model we shall give is of French muslin and Valenciennes insertion; the materials required are a yard and a half of ordinary width muslin, or one yard of double width French muslin. It must be very fine and sheer. A piece of Valenciennes of French lace insertion is required, containing about twelve yards; six yards of Valenciennes or French lace for edging, about two and a half or three inches deep.

Get a pattern of a sleeveless cuirass basque, and basting it together except upon the shoulder seams, try it on, and if a comfortable fit, not too tight, cut a duplicate pattern in tissue paper if you wish to preserve the original pattern; and now commence your work. Cut across the muslin strips of two and a half inches wide, and join them carefully; roll the edges, as if for a ruffle, and overcast so that you may form a puff or shirring, be careful not to make it too full, as the effect is spoiled by much fulness. The basque must not close at the throat, but open to the bust surplus fashion. Baste on to the paper pattern a row of insertion extending down the fronts, around the bottom and around the neck. Then for the fronts, commence on the shoulder-seams and baste on, first a line of puffing, extending to the bottom of the front, then a row of insertion, joining the edge of the puff to the insertion, fitting it in at the dart—so with the back; then stitch all the lines so basted with the machine. Remove the paper, edge the neck and down the fronts, also around the bottom with the lace, slightly "fulled" on as the mantua makers say. Put a cluster of ribbon loops at the middle of the neck behind, also upon the bust, and, if fancied, a bow at the waist.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

M. A. Guthrie.—The sample sent is called linen lustre, and can be procured for fifty or sixty cents per yard. A satchel of the size you require, in either canvas or leather, will cost from seven to eight dollars. We can send any article you desire by mail or express.

Kate Ingraham.—We would advise you to make the suit with a knife-pleated flounce, eight inches deep, upon the lower skirt. A deep overskirt, trimmed with knife-pleating. A cuirass basque, corded at the bottom, and with three rows of knife-pleating on the edge and up the skirt of the middle piece of the basque behind. Two rows of knife-pleating on the sleeves near the wrist. 2. The Byron collar is turned down, with long pointed ends in front. 3. Young girls of fourteen wear their hair generally in a long plait, tied half-way down the middle—or else the hair is left flowing, and tied near the nape of the neck with ribbon, and again near the end. Young ladies of twenty-one wear their hair in any mode prevailing. The present styles are both elaborate and simple. Some wear the low Grecian knot, others wear the hair high at the top of the head behind, and drooping curls or plaits from thence; others again, wear a succession of finger-puffs. You do not intrude at all. We are always happy to render assistance. Nixon.

THE DIFFERENCE.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

Mr. and Mrs. Heth had just moved into the pretty new house on Twenty-fourth street, in the City of Bonanzas, and were busy as bees setting things to rights, and happy as birds in their new and sweet possession. For, though this wedded pair were by no means very young, and though many years had passed since their two ways merged in one, a home of their own had hitherto been to them but a dream and a hope.

Now, indeed, it was a beautiful reality! And with light feet and happy faces they went from room to room, up stairs and down, singing little snatches of songs and thinking all the while how happy they were, and would be. Let the world without be whatsoever it might, nothing but sunshine should cross over the threshold dividing it from the world within.

Their world!

It meant so much. It was like the first breath of a longed-for spring, a tender, ambient air, propheeying bloomful things and goodly; and happy Mrs. Heth almost cried for joy, as with her face half-buried in a bed of violets on the lawn, she whispered, "*God, I thank Thee!*"

Later on a little, the new home was in "apple-pie order," the good housewife said, quoting the words of her old grandmother, who was forgetting all things in her grave across the mountains and the plains, and "callers might be looked for at any time," she supposed.

And then she sighed a little, (down in her heart) and smiled a little up in her eyes, as she added:

"I could almost wish they would let us quite alone, here in the place where peace is. I have not the slightest sympathy—as you know—with the aspirants for place and power in the social world; and I see neither a duty nor a delight that could, under any combination of circumstances, lead me to offer myself a willing victim upon the altar of fashionable caprice."

"Heigh-ho!" hummed her husband, between the easy whiffs of his cigar. "You'd soon tire of solitude, I reckon. A woman must have her kind to gossip with."

"Harry! How can you?" flashed up the little lady from her rest upon the sofa. "You know I hate gossip."

"Oh, about *books*, I mean," Harry explained, laughingly. "Of course, about books, and authors, and the Centennial, and the coming war with Mexico, and——"

"There; I absolve you"—with a wave of her hand and an adjustment of her pillows. "But, Harry, the literary land—so to speak—is lying far away. We cannot hope to find here, the intellectual aids that were the harbingers of our best growth in the East. Money, for money's sake, is *the* desideratum with all classes; and the rise and fall of stocks interest them more than that of empires, or the onward march of mind."

"Humph! March of mind, indeed!" responded Harry. "Mind enough for the right kind of a 'put,' or a 'call,' will do the average San Franciscan. By-the-bye, I took a call on Yellow Jacket to-day, at forty-one. Bound to go up, you know."

"I *don't* 'know,' and no more do you," responded Mrs. Heth, a little ungraciously, perhaps. "And 'for ways that are dark' commend me to a stock broker!"

"Better keep to your books, I should say, and not trouble your little head about stocks."

"But that little head may be troubled a good deal to know how this modest establishment is to be kept up without the money lost in their investment."

"'Prophet,' said I; 'thing of evil.'"

And Nelly was laughing merrily at the lugubrious tone of her lord when her first caller was announced, and further discussion was indefinitely postponed.

Such a bright face it was that looked up as the hostess entered the parlor. Not a pretty face, at all, in the sense at least in which faces pretty are usually referred to; but it was fair and cheery and honest, and the two ladies met, not at all as strangers do.

"I never make formal calls," the younger said, presently; "but I saw you out with the gardener to-day, and thought you might like some of the seeds and bulbs that were left when the garden next to your's was made."

"Now that *was* thoughtful," Mrs. Heth said, undoing the tiny packages, and looking as happy as a boy with his first top. "It is all so new to me—and so sweet, too—this having a little farm to do just what I please with; and I mean to have every inch of it in bloom before long. You live next door, then?"

"Yes, next door on your right. We came there only last fall, and I don't get as much time for out-door work as I would like. My baby is exacting, and as I rather encourage him—I suppose I do (with a little shrug of the shoulders) since everybody says so—and as I do not keep a nurse, he takes nearly all my time."

"But your garden is lovely! and your lawn. Why it seems incredible you could make it so beautiful in so short a time."

"Where there is a will there's a way, you know, and we are so fond of flowers. Besides—"

And so they chatted on for an hour, part of the time out on the lawn where the young grass was like velvet and the sunshine was like gold, tucking away the tiny seeds, perfectly at home with each other and at peace with all the world.

"I'll go to my baby now," Mrs. Melville said at last. "I've left him too long already, I fear. But time just flies when I'm out among the flowers, and I wanted you to feel, too, that your lot had fallen to you among friends; that is, if you cared to—"

An hour later Mrs. Heth received her second call. She had had many such in the past, and she knew well just what they all amounted to. There was an elegant equipage before her door, a coachman in livery on the box, and for her vis-a vis a lady painted and frizzed; a lady in faultless costume with delicate perfumes like incense all about her; a lady whose familiarity with the edicts submitted to by society's *creme de la creme* was unquestionable, and who could never be persuaded beyond her depth, which was lamentably shallow.

"Too artificial for any use in the world," Nelly said to her husband that evening, "and too languid even for loving, I do believe. What *were* such women made for?"

"Made for? Why to get away with the profit of stocks, of course; and—and—why to be admired. I thought there was something else."

"Then surely they are filling their mission, for they are encouraged to be just what they are by the very admiration you allude to."

"Ah?"

"Yes, and nobody knows it better than you, and tell me, please, what chance in the gay, social world would the lady next door have? She is a lady, a good wife and a good mother—doing her best to make her home sweet and to keep her husband out of debt. She nurses her own child, works, actually works among her flowers and plants and gets along with one servant—a Chinaman at that."

"And what of it? Many women do their own housework, take care of half-a-dozen babies, and—"

THE JAPANESE PAVILION.

"Take in sewing! Granted, and they may be ladies proper, for a' that. But what gentleman pays them honorable attention?"

Harry was silent and Mrs. Heth continued:

"Now, I've had two calls to-day, and both from near neighbors. To the little young mother my heart went out at the very first touch of her hand, and we didn't gossip a bit either, even about books. But the other—why, Hally, she couldn't discover me, though we walked side by side forever."

"And there is the difference?"

"Yes, there is the difference. And yet in our world—the one we've left behind us I mean—the lady of my liking would be a wall flower surely."

"But none the less happy, perhaps. By the way, Yellow Jacket's going down a little."

"Prophet," said I—"thing of evil," laughed Nelly.

"O, it'll come up again before the week ends," Harry answered, assuringly.

"And how much will you lose if it does not?"

"Only two-fifty. I didn't go in heavy on the start, you know."

But the week's end brought no change. The "two-fifty" were past redemption, and—

"So the world goes," sighed Harry. "It wasn't much, but straws show which way the wind blows. Heigh-ho!" and he lighted his tenth cigar and smoked out his chagrin in solitude, while Nelly and her next door neighbor chatted across the jessamine on the low wall dividing them and planned a hundred happy things to do to make their new homes in the new land sweeter for the dear ones.

Harry heard their talk, and mentally resolved to run no more risks, but to attended strictly to his legitimate business "henceforth and forever."

And, so far, he has kept his word.

WEALTH OF THE ANCIENTS.

The Extravagance in Art and Dress.

The moderns who are showing such extravagant taste for art have by no means reached the appreciativeness of the ancients. Zeuxis grew so rich that he refused to sell more pictures, and gave them away to cities; and Nicias declined an offer from Attalus of £15,000 for a single picture. Apelles received £5,000 for a portrait of Alexander, and gave £12,500 for each picture Protogenes had in his studio. Julius Cæsar gave £20,000 for two pictures of single figures, one Ajax and the other Medea; and M. Agrippa paid to the municipality of Cyzicus £10,600 for two more. Lucius Mummius refused £52,000 for a picture of "Father Bacchus" which he had seized in Greece, and Tiberius gave 60,000 sestertia, or nearly a half of million, for a picture by Parrhasius. Cicero argued that Verres had compelled Heius, a rich Sicilian, to part with a little bronze Cupid by Piaxiteles because Verres bought it for only £1,063; and Nicomedes offered to pay off the public debt of Cuidus—"quod erat ingens," says Pliny—if the citizens would give him Praxiteles's statue of Venus in return, and was refused because it was the glory of the city. But what shall we say of Lollia Paulina, the rival of Agrippina, whose dresses alone were valued at £332,916? Nero gave nineteen millions in presents only—rather more than Louis Quatorze spent upon Versailles; and there was Pallas, the curled darling and lover of Agrippina, who was enormously rich, and to whom Juvenal alludes as a type of wealthy men, in the line 'Ego possideo plus Pallanto et Licinio.' He left a handsome estate in land—we speak only of land now—of some £3,921,875. Then there was Seneca, the philosopher and moralist, who always preached the virtues of poverty and self-denial and professed the virtues of Stoicism, who left about the same amount, given to him in great part, we suppose, by Nero and Lentulus, whose real estate amounted to about £3,229,166; and Isodorus, who disposed by will of 416 slaves, 3,600 yoke of oxen, and 257,000 other cattle.

These fortunes are perfectly possible, if we recollect that the wealth of a plundered world was in the hands of a few Roman nobles; but it must be remembered that in those days all statistics were more or less inaccurate, that even now a popular estimate of a man's wealth is often ludicrously exaggerated, and that a Roman household consisting of slaves, and food to a Roman noble costing scarcely anything, his surplus could all be devoted to the competition of luxury.

THE JAPANESE PAVILION.

Probably no structure on the Centennial Exhibition Grounds has attracted more attention or excited so much curiosity as the one erected by the Japanese, west of the British Commission buildings. It is intended as a Japanese hotel and restaurant, and is to be used as such by the Japanese who may visit the Centennial.

The illustration gives a very faithful representation of it, yet at the same time does not bring out the minor and most interesting peculiarities that characterise it. Thousands of persons, while it was yet in course of erection, spent hours in gazing upon the Japanese carpenters at work upon it, lost in wonder and amazement at such work—and indeed, any work at all—being accomplished by the exceedingly primitive tools and methods common to that race. Now that it is completed, it is allowed to be a marvel in architecture, so nicely and delicately is it put together, and at the same time so strongly and firmly constructed. It has been pronounced by competent judges to be a model of artistic skill, as well as of architectural correctness and integrity. As will be seen, this building is a two-story frame, eighty feet long and fifteen feet wide, and has two wings.

The Japanese have another building near the Judges' Pavilion, north of the Department of Public Comfort; this is intended as a Japanese Bazar, for the sale of various goods and articles common to Japan.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

A fashionable young lady may have strength enough to scream in seven languages when she sees a spider, but not enough to mash it in one.

A Bavarian firm has put condensed eggs on the market. They are said to be an excellent article of food, but for political meeting purposes they are an ignominious failure.

Some up-country girls gave a leap year party last week and made the gentlemen do the cooking. But they couldn't make any one do the eating. One cake looked good enough, but it was so heavy that the table fairly groaned beneath it; and all who tasted it fairly groaned, too.

Silver money is a nuisance, that's a fact. When a woman gets up first in the morning she is sure to knock her husband's pantaloons off the chair, and the silver in the pockets rolls all about the room. To be sure, she gets down on her hands and knees, gathers up the truant coin, and declares that she has returned them all to his pockets, but somehow or other two or three dollars will always be found missing.

Even an upright clergyman, when he is digging garden for exercise, and throws two hundred pounds weight into his right leg for the purpose of sending the spade into the earth up to its ears, and the implement strikes an old boot at the depth of three inches and wrenches his leg nearly off, feels as if he could utilize a few words not to be found in the latest edition of Webster's Dictionary.—[Norristown Herald.]

Ladies, Beware!—Beware, ladies, of entrusting any individual whatever with small annoyances or misunderstandings between yourselves and your husbands, if they unhappily occur. Confidants are dangerous persons, and may seek to gain an ascendancy in families by winning the good opinion of young married women. Should any one presume to offer you advice with regard to your husband or seek to lessen him by insinuations, shun that person as you would a serpent. Many a happy home has been rendered desolate by exciting coolness or suspicion or by endeavoring to gain importance in an artful and insidious manner.

Some men in their uses lie near the earth, and others are near to heaven. Some are as meadow fog which the sun eats up and which disappears with the coming day, while others yet are like the upper clouds which are not known at all until the sun rises, when suddenly they stand forth to sight, great shining revelations of the upper realms.

PERSONALITIES.

Commodore Vanderbilt was 82 years old on the 27th of last month.

The four different dresses worn by Miss Dickinson in the course of her performance of the play "A Crown of Thorns," cost $2,000, and were all made in New York.

The remains of Signora Anna Pozzi were recently burned at Milan in the presence of her husband and a few persons representing the medical faculty, the municipality and the Cremation Society.

Chicago is represented in the musical schools of Italy by a very promising tenor, who recently made his *debut* with great success. His name is A. Hatch, but that will have to be transmogrified.

If there is anything in a name, Rev. Dong Gong, a Chinese missionary, who is laboring among his countrymen in Portland, Oregon, should make more noise in the world than any of his brother ministers.

The funerals of Dr. William W. Hall, late editor of *Hall's Journal of Health*, and Rev. Adrian L. Rosecrans, son of General Rosecrans, took place in New York on May 13th. They were largely attended.

The Khedive of Egypt provides a daily feast for the cats of Cairo, at the great Mosque, and great is the tumult at the hour of prayer, when they all rush to the distributing priest for their allowance.

Miss Margaret Shippen died in Philadelphia on the 9th of May, aged ninety-three years. Her father was Hon. Joseph Shippen, Secretary of the Provincial Council of Pennsylvania. Miss Shippen was a cousin of Peggy Shippen, who married Benedict Arnold.

Lieut. Cameron, who recently made a remarkable journey of 3,000 miles across Central Africa, is an officer of the British navy. Because he belongs to that particular branch of the service, it has been suggested that his achievement entitles him to the colonelcy of the Horse Marines.

Maurice Grau receives $1000 a night from Sheridan Shook for Offenbach and his band of one hundred European soloists. The latter is under contract to produce three new pieces of music every night during his stay at the Hippodrome, which is being gorgeously fitted up for the coming season as a fine summer garden.

When Dom Pedro entered the Salt Lake Theatre, the manager met him with hat off, and with infinite bowings and scrapings received the Imperial guest. The Emperor good-humoredly took the wind out of the ceremony by saying: "There, that will do, young man; put on your hat now and show me to my box."

A. J. Beresford Hope has sent to Governor Kemper, of Virginia, a draft for $1,314, the residue of the fund raised in England for purchasing the statue of Stonewall Jackson. The sum will be invested and the income used in purchasing a medal to be awarded annually to the most distinguished graduate of the Virginia Military Institute. It will be known as the "Jackson Hope Medal."

Takes Things.—Washerwoman, Sand Frog, Bob Tail, Big Ribs, Big Foot, Hole in the Ground, Little Dog, Black Heart, Screw, Turkey Legs, Mule Head, Pumpkin Seed, White Goose, Yellow Shirt, White Tail, Torn Belly, Two Tails, Broken Chin, Bull Head, Gamble, Itching, No Account, Mischief Maker, Never Full, and Split-Nose Crow are wards of the nation who draw rations at Red Cloud.

A number of elderly gentlemen are said to be on their weary way from the West and South to Philadelphia to visit the Exhibition. "Centennial Pilgrims" the papers along their route call them. Mr. George W. Dietz passed through Cincinnati the other day on his pilgrimage to Philadelphia. He is 70 years of age, but has started to walk the whole distance from New Albany, Indiana, to Philadelphia. Another one is coming with a wheelbarrow-load of Missouri minerals.

On the morning of the 10th of May two young men, George Sigman and Clemenson Finger, of Springfield, Chester county, near the county line of Berks, walked to Philadelphia, a distance of 35 miles, in time to be present at the opening of the Centennial, showing the spirit of '76. They went through rain and mud, and without notifying their families. They arrived in the city at 8 A. M., on the 10th, in time to see the sights, and returned in the evening via the Pennsylvania Railroad to Barnston, tired, weary and footsore.

Mr. James Lick, the California philanthropist, has the reputation of driving a close bargain. The following anecdote is told of him: "When he was engaged in grading his grounds at Alviso he employed a large number of horses and carts. Having need of another horse, he sent his nephew to hire one of a neighbor, agreeing to pay $1 a day for its use. In a few days he sent to inquire the price of the horse, which the owner placed at $150. No answer was returned, and after some months Mr. Lick sent for his neighbor to come over and he would pay him for his horse. Knowing his reputation for close calculation in money matters, Mr. E. expected to receive only the $150; but on presenting himself, Mr. Lick referred to his book, and, finding that he had the horse 145 days, handed over $295, with the dry remark, 'I believe it would have been as well for me to have bought that animal five months ago.'"

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

In drilling wrought-iron, use one pound of soft soap mixed with a gallon of boiling water. This is a cheap lubricator, and insures clean drill-cutting.

It has recently been recommended by M. Saint Edme that lightning-conductors should be constructed entirely of iron, protected by a coating of electro-deposited nickel.

In Central Russia aspen-wood is most extensively employed for paper-making; in Sweden and Finland, spruce and fur; in Germany, France, and Belgium, mixed woods. Wood-pulp made from beech and birch woods has too short a fibre.

Oleic acid is said to be an excellent solvent for gum-copal. On heating a small portion of oleic acid it will dissolve a considerable quantity of copal. It is always a good means of distinguishing genuine amber from the imitation amber which contains copal.

It has been discovered by a French savant that the rising of cream is quicker, and its volume greater, the nearer the temperature is to that of freezing water; further, that the yield of butter is greater, and the skim-milk, butter, and cheese are all of better quality under like conditions. These facts should be worth the attention of dairymen.

The simple decoction of onion-peel is said to produce upon glove-leather an orange yellow superior in lustre to any other. It is also said to be suitable for mixing with light bark shades, especially willow bark, and as a yellow for modulating browns. The onion-dye is said to fix itself readily, even upon leathers which resist colors, and colors them well and even. Dr. Reimann seems, however, almost as skeptical of the tinctorial power of onions as of truffles.

Japanese lacquer, says Mr. J. F. Campbell, is a substance extracted from a tree. It grows in the north of Japan, and the gum is prepared and sent to all parts of the country. It is a rank poison while soft. Many people cannot endure the smell, or pass a workshop without suffering. A great deal of skill is required in making the gum harden and set. When set, it is waterproof and perfectly harmless; it stands heat, and is tough and hard. Wood, metal, leather, paper, and fabrics take lacquer easily.

At a meeting of the Medical Society of Victoria, N. S. W., Dr. Day exhibited a new disinfectant. He had been long in search of an agent capable of purifying the hands after *post-mortem* examinations, and for the use of persons in attendance upon the subjects of infectious diseases. He has found that a most effectual disinfectant is produced by the mixture of a drachm of ethereal solution of peroxide of hydrogen—erroneously called ozonic ether—with an ounce of toilet vinegar. For the purpose of disinfecting the hands after attending on persons suffering from puerperal fever or other infectious diseases, after well washing and drying them, the disinfectant should be well rubbed in.

Plaster casts and other ornamental objects are now covered with a silvery film of colorless and finely-divided mica, in the following simple and inexpensive manner. Plates of mica are first rendered perfectly clean and white, either by boiling in muriatic acid or by igniting them; they are then washed, dried, and ground to a fine powder, which is carefully sifted or elutriated, and mixed with very thin collodion. It is now ready to be applied like a paint or varnish with a soft pencil, two or more coats being given until of the desired thickness. The objects thus coated have a silvery appearance, and possess one advantage over those in which tinsel or a metallic bronze is employed, not being at all affected by sulphurous vapors. They are not injured by dust and dirt, and may be cleaned by washing in water. Collodion adheres firmly to glass, porcelain, wood, metal, and pasteboard, and the mica is said to be capable of taking any desired color.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Respectfully Declined.—Charlie's Sister; Only Flirting; Woman's Work; Never Forgotten; Trying to be True.

Rejected Mss.—"Not Dismayed."—We are very glad indeed to hear that you have not lost heart on account of your *Mss.* not having been accepted by us, and that you are so sensible as to take the proper view of the matter—which, by the way, very few persons in similar circumstances ever happen to do. When writers have their *Mss.* returned to them with a polite note of regrets, "Respectfully Declined," they conclude either that their articles were not worthy of publication, or that the editors were incapable of appreciating their merits. The latter is, we fear, the more general conclusion. The truth of the matter is that editors are frequently obliged to reject articles for no better reason than that they cannot use them, either from being already overcrowded with matter, or from the offered articles being not adapted to the season. The rejection of a *Mss.* does not by any means imply a lack of literary merit, though of course this is very often the chief reason. In reply to your question as to what is the average of accepted articles out of those that are sent in to us, we may say that about one in twenty is the average.

Cleaning Coins.—J. M. C.—"Please tell me what will clean old coins that will not turn them black?" A weak solution of oxalic acid is sometimes used, and after being cleaned they are washed, to remove the acid, in lime water.

Watch Hands.—H. M. M.—It is only in cases of pocket chronometers or duplex watches that the hands should never be moved backwards; in other watches this is a matter of no consequence whatever, and does not injure the works in the slightest.

Society.—"How did the saying 'What will Mrs. Grundy say?' originate? Was there ever a Mrs. Grundy?" The name Mrs. Grundy comes from Morton's comedy of "Speed the Plough." Mrs. Ashfield is jealous of neighbor Grundy, and Farmer Ashfield chides her for vexing him with the remark "What will Mrs. Grundy say? What will Mrs. Grundy think?"

Herbaria.—R. S. (Wilmington.)—Botanists employ different plans in the formation and preparation of their herbaria. The most common mode is first to dry the specimens very carefully by pressing them in a warm atmosphere or in sunlight, between sheets of paper, renewing the sheets until the drying is complete. Then glue or otherwise fasten each plant to a single sheet of paper, on which is written the botanical designation of the plant, and any other particulars that the collector may wish to commemorate.

Cleaning Wall Paper.—M. S. S.—"Can you tell me how I can clean wall paper? I know there is some way, but I do not know what it is." Try this: Make a mixture of one pint of oatmeal and half a pint of bran, and put about one-fourth of this in a square tray. Hold this against the wall with your left hand, and with the right apply the mixture with a flannel wad. You will be astonished how the wall paper will be cleaned by it. Change the mixture as it becomes soiled, and finally go over the paper with a soft brush.

Coins.—G. F. M.—The first, indeed the only coins struck in this country prior to the Revolutionary War, were the silver and copper coins issued by Maryland in 1662. Carolina struck a halfpenny coin in 1694, and penny and two penny pieces in 1723, and another penny in 1735. Coppers were coined from native metal in Connecticut in 1737 and 1739. The first coins coined by the Government were after the establishment of the mint in 1793. No copper coins were issued in 1816, 1823, or 1864. With these exceptions, copper coins were issued each year until the nickel pieces were struck.

Sizes of Books.—C. M. W. (Evansville.)—Originally the terms 4to., 8vo., 12mo. denoted the number of leaves into which each sheet was folded. In a folio the sheet was folded once, making two leaves; in a quarto (4to.) twice. In an octavo (8vo.) four times, making eight leaves; in a duodecimo (12mo.) the sheet made twelve leaves, but four leaves had to be cut off from one end of the sheet, folded separately, and placed in the centre of the other part when folded. As printing paper is now made of every imaginable size, these designations are now comparatively arbitrary. An atlas is generally a quarto; Harper's Magazine is an octavo; school books are 12mo. and 18mo.

Vice Presidents.—Inquirer, (Franklinville.)—"Please give me the names and dates of inauguration of the different Vice Presidents of the United States up to the present time." That is a question that we should think any school book on history could tell you, but as perhaps you are not able just at present to find out, we give you the names. John Adams, 1789; Thomas Jefferson, 1797; Aaron Burr, 1801; George Clinton, 1805; Eldridge Gerry, 1813; Daniel D. Tomkins, 1817; John C. Calhoun, 1825; Martin Van Buren, 1833; Richard M. Johnson, 1837; John Tyler, 1841; George M. Dallas, 1845; Millard Fillmore, 1849; W. R. King, 1853; J. C. Breckenridge, 1857; H. Hamlin, 1861; Andrew Johnson, 1865; S. Colfax, 1869; H. Wilson, 1873.

Polo.—This new game, of which much is said, is about to be introduced into this country from England, where it is said to be very popular. It is of East Indian origin, and is played by two sides of seven men each, mounted upon small, but powerful, active, and highly trained horses. Each man carries a bamboo stick, as light as possible, about four feet six inches long, with a short cross-piece fastened diagonally at one end. They use a ball made of very dry and hard wood, about the size of a baseball. The two sides are drawn up in lines facing each other, and very near together. Then the ball is tossed between them and they catch it upon their sticks, each side endeavoring to put it beyond a line in the rear of the opposing side, and when that object is attained the game is won. The rush of the contest is tremendous. The swift horses dash among each other, and man and horse are frequently overturned. When the ball falls to the ground it has to be picked up by the players; and frequently when it is in the air, just passing the line of victory and defeat, a cunning blow from one on the other side sends it over in the opposite direction, and a new struggle for its possession begins at the other end of the field.

What is a Boom?—"Puzzled."—"There has been a great deal of talk in the newspapers about the 'Boom Bill' which was before the Legislature of Pennsylvania, but I never could understand what a 'boom' was." A boom consists of a number of timbers or spars fastened together, one end of which is attached to the shore, the other end extending up and out into the current of a stream for any required distance, so that it acts as a sort of floating trap to catch all large substances floating on the surface of the water. Persons engaged in cutting timber for rafting above the boom, fell their trees, saw off the logs, and put their brand or trademark upon them, after which they are hauled or rolled to the bank and tumbled into the river, down the current of which they float until they are caught by the boom, each man taking those of his brand, and formed into rafts. It will be observed that the boom is of advantage to the lumbermen, as they could not profitably take each log out and haul it to those previously cut, to be at once added to the slowly growing raft; but by the aid of the boom, a lumberman cuts till he has tumbled a sufficient number of logs into the stream, when he proceeds to the boom, where his material is all collected and ready to be formed into rafts or sold to other dealers. The objections of the lumbermen are not to the boom, but to the high rates charged for boomage.

Government Lands.—S. W. D. (Philadelphia.)—We give the information you desire with much pleasure. First, as to the method of surveying Government lands, which you say you do not understand. The land is first divided into townships six miles square, and these into sections one mile square. There are thus 36 sections in a township and 640 acres in a section. The sections are divided into quarters of 160 acres, and the quarters into plots of 40 acres each. Under the Homestead Law, any person over twenty-one years of age, male or female, native or foreign born, married women excepted, may take 160 acres of Government land on payment of $14 00 fees, and after a residence of five years on the land, they have a clear deed of it from the Government. If, after six months' residence they choose, they may pay $200 and get a deed without further residence. Soldiers may deduct the time spent in the service of the Union, not to exceed three years. By the Pre-emption Act, any person over twenty-one years of age, except a married woman, may take 160 acres of Government land on payment of $2 00 fees, and after residing on it six months, or for any time not exceeding three years and a half, may get a deed on payment of $200 and making proof of settlement and improvement. This is called "proving up." One may prove up on but one pre-emption, but unlike the homestead, may leave one and take another. Six months' absence from either pre-emption or homestead claim forfeits the right, and it may be taken by another, or, in Western phrase, "jumped."

Miscellaneous.—J. M. H. (Spencer.)—We are sorry to say that we could not answer your questions without treading on some people's corns, and this, of course, we must decline doing. Reader.—Mayne Reid, the author you refer to, is still living, and is at present residing in England. H. D.—Use a teaspoonful of a solution of chloride of soda, rinsing your mouth out well with it every morning; this will remove the unpleasantness. G. M. Q.—The author of "The Lamplighter" was Miss M. S. Cummins. S. W.—The Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, covers 41,436 square feet of ground, and is six stories in height. W. P. J.—If you will send us your address we will send you a circular giving you all the needed information.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*